New Statesman

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Breaking up the local state

Peter Tatchell and the press

Mrs Gandhi comes a cropper

Alan Brien: new paperbacks

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Breaking the chains
Local councils are changing. Patrick Wintour explains the idea of 'decentralisation' while Anne Wiltsher and Sarah Benton report on women's committees pp.8 & 10

Keep it in the family
David Selbourne describes Mrs Gandhi's unstable dynasty p.18

Smash and grab
Jeremy McMullen reads the Green Paper on trade unions p.12

A craze for pepper
Jules Lubbock considers the first two volumes of Braudel's *Civilisation and Capitalism* p.22

Remote control
John Coleman recommends a new film by the Turkish director Guney p.28

Next week

Professor Bain on why he resigned in protest from the Monopolies Commission. Leonie Caldecott's Pakenham prize-winning essay on the women's peace movement in Japan.

News: Peter Tatchell, cable TV, spy-planes, reselection, lead poisoning, by-elections, Welsh miners pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Rebirth of the Alliance p.7
Sarah Benton: Moscow's rebuff to END p.14
Tony Heath: Welsh language campaigns p.14
Diary: Christopher Price p.16
Roger Woddis p.16
David Goldberg: Israel after the flood p.17
Tony Catterall: German Greens p.19
Bretécher p.20
Letters p.21
Alan Brien: New paperbacks p.23
Bernard Crick: De Valera p.24
Duncan Campbell: MI5 p.25
Angela McRobbie: Fiction p.26
William Scammell: Poem p.26
M. H. Ryle: CND p.26
Shorter Reviews p.27
William Boyd: Television p.29
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.29
Andrew Clements: New records p.30
Weekend Competition p.31
Patrice Chaplin: First Person p.32
Setsquare: Crossword p.32

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New Statesman Vol 105 No 2704 14 January 1983

Crisis – what crisis?

NOTHING WAS GOING to stop Mrs Thatcher going to the Falklands. It was her war in every sense of the word. It changed her from being the most politically unpopular Prime Minister in modern memory into an unchallengeable leader of the Conservative Party. £200,000 and more of public money spent getting her and her party round their blatantly staged electioneering trip is but a drop compared with the billions of pounds that the episode has already cost and the continuing millions that will have to be spent for years to come.

The timing of the flying visit to the South Atlantic must have been partly concerned with 'damage limitation' – an attempt to put a further Thatcher gloss on last year's events in advance of anything the Franks report next week may say. It is ironic, therefore, that her trip should have coincided with the pound dropping to within a whisker of its all-time low. For defending the pound and the value of money has been every bit as central to Thatcher politics since 1979 as defending the Falklands was in 1982. The clear verdict of the world's financial markets is that Thatcher economics has failed to deliver the promised goods.

Popular mythology is used to the idea of international finance undermining the policies of Labour governments. But this time the message is starker for the fact that it is high Tory monetarism that is getting the international thumbs down.

The juxtaposition of this week's headlines also serves to expose the reality of the present political situation. The government stood low in popular esteem before the Falklands because its proposed radical solutions to the country's problems were patently not working. None of this underlying political and economic reality was in any way changed by a popular foreign war in the South Atlantic.

In fact, at the margin, the Falklands has made the domestic economic position rather worse for the government. Public spending has continued to rise faster than can be fitted into Tory blueprints and, within that total, defence spending has been rising faster than almost anything else. Even without the Falklands, the rising demands of a military posture of commitment to substantial land forces in West Germany, a major anti-submarine capacity in the North Atlantic and an independent nuclear deterrent were clearly beyond the capacity of the British taxpayer. Whatever Tory rhetoric on the subject may be, a major defence review in the next few years was already inevitable. But to this, by shutting out the possibility of any negotiated settlement for the Falklands in the foreseeable future, Mrs Thatcher has added a commitment to defend Fortress Falklands in the South Altantic, probably for most of the rest of this century.

But the main significance of the week is that it has been the moment when the government's economic and industrial strategy lost any last semblance of credibility. Even in its own terms, the four years during which the British economy has been put through the wringer of a crude economic experiment would only be justified if, at the end, there was some propect of lower interest rates, lower inflation and higher output and wealth. Instead the pound has slumped, interest rates are again rising against the world trend, inflation will rise – and all this without any benefit of higher output and employment. At a political debating level, since Mrs Thatcher has presided over an almost 15 per cent devalution of the pound since last autumn, her capacity to criticise Labour's economic proposals should be substantially reduced. At the serious level, the events in the foreign exchange markets are the final proof that Mrs Thatcher has been presiding over a deliberately self-inflicted disaster. □

Norman the hypocrite

NORMAN TEBBIT IS not the Tory lout that he has chosen for reasons of political ambition to present himself as being. His Green Paper this week on trades union reform is a cynical piece of politics. It contains, as he well knows, a set of suggestions that are designed for the hustings at the next general election campaign, not for him to pilot through to the statute book. It is, in any case, his parting shot, for he has 'let it be known' that if the Tories were to get back he wants some other job.

It is cynical because it does not even try to achieve that minimum degree of equity required of any piece of proposed serious legislation. It panders to current popular prejudice about the trades unions, satisfies the union-bashing urges of the Tory right and steals whatever vestige of original thought on this issue has come from the Social Democrats' corner. By the time that anyone has to face the practical problems of producing sensible (or even workable) legislation, an election will have been won or lost; and Norman will be up, up and away.

The Green Paper reeks with hypocrisy. Its implied thesis is that the public interest requires democratic procedures and open accountability from industrial institutions that seek to involve themselves in the political process. It pretends that Tory income from company donations is different in kind from the political funding by trades unions. This distinction is quite spurious.

According to the Houghton Report in 1976, two-thirds of the Tory Party's income comes from company donations. Yet there is no central or published record of this political finance, quite apart from the additional substantial sums of shareholders' money laundered through donations to institutions like British United Industrialists.

As for democratic accountability, why does Mr Tebbit suppose that this is good only for trades unions? Why has he done nothing to speed the implementation of the EEC Fifth Directive on industrial democracy; or the Fourth Directive on disclosure of company information? Or why, for that matter, does his own Conservative Party resolutely resist the very modest proposal that its chairman should be chosen by ballot and not by its Leader's patronage? □

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How Fleet St won the Tatchell prize for fiction

THE NEW, improved and endorsed candidate for Bermondsey, Peter Tatchell, is now pursuing six different complaints against national newspapers. Many of the complaints are being conducted through the highly respectable and extra-parliamentary Press Council.

On 3 August 1982 the *Daily Star* ran an article alleging that Tatchell was 'of the Militant Tendency'. The tenor of the editorial was that Tatchell was part of a 'secret plot behind closed doors', prepared to use 'every trick in the book'. Tatchell has never been a supporter of Militant; he is now suing the *Star*. The paper's defence is that Tatchell is so left-wing that he is as good as in Militant.

On 9 September the *Daily Express* diarist asserted that at the TUC Congress Tatchell 'could be seen slipping around the seafront hotels in an immaculate suit, collar and tie'. Tatchell was not in the country at the time, let alone trying to ingratiate himself with union leaders.

On 25 September the *Sun* ran a front-page story under the headline: RED PETE 'WENT TO THE GAY OLYMPICS'. This was untrue. Peter Robinson, press officer for Tatchell's local party, complained to the Press Council on 4 November. On 29 November Richard Parrack, the *Sun*'s editorial manager, wrote to Robinson with the following explanation: 'The information that Mr Tatchell had attended the Gay Olympics in San Francisco came from Philip Corr, chairman of the local Young Socialists, who was quoted at length in the article. The single quotation marks in the headline indicated that it was reported information. Our reporter put the matter to Mr Tatchell and also published his remarks, including his outright denial.' Mr Corr did indeed speak to a freelance reporter called Phil Dampier – but only because he thought that Dampier wished to join the Labour Party. Corr denies that he mentioned the 'Gay Olympics', or said anything remotely resembling the remarks attributed to him

On the same day, on an inside page, the *Sun* ran a story headlined: MIDDLE-CLASS PAST OF WORKING-CLASS HERO. The story said that Tatchell's stepfather, Edwin Nitschke, had owned a taxi; that Mount Waverley (where Tatchell was brought up) was a middle-class area and 'Tatchell was not reared in a tough dockland area of Melbourne as he has claimed'; and that Tatchell had been forced to leave school at the minimum age because of his stepfather's dislike of him. The article accused Tatchell of talking 'bunkum' and 'having an easy life in the leafy suburbs'.

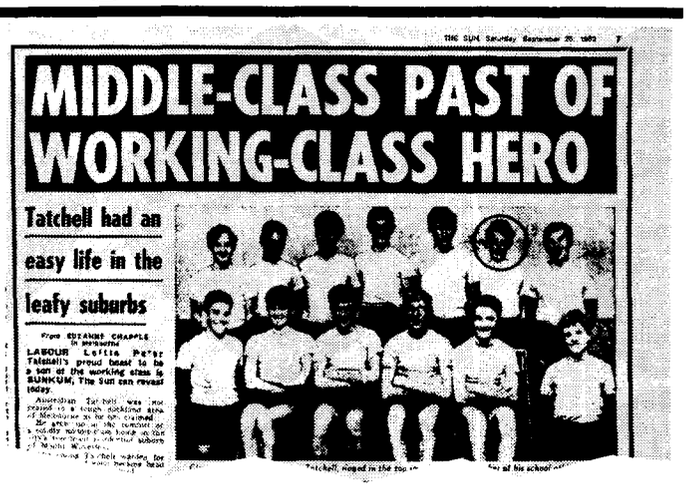
Peter Robinson complained about the *Sun* to the Press Council on 4 November last year. On 30 December Richard Parrack replied, explaining that he 'had difficulty contacting the reporter, Suzanne Chapple, due to the distance involved' between Britain and Australia. (It is not known whether 'editorial managers' at the *Sun* have telephones.)

The *Sun* illustrated its article with a photograph of Tatchell. When the *New Statesman* asked the *Sun*'s picture desk for a photo of Parrack (in the interests of balance), we were told: 'I'm sorry but I have to tell you that we're unable to help you with this. I've spoken to the higher-ups and they just don't want to know. They obviously don't want a picture of Mr Parrack to appear in the *New Statesman*.' When we reached Parrack himself he confirmed this. He also refused to discuss the complaint against the *Sun*: 'Look, I've got nothing to say about it. The answer is no comment, all right?'

However, Parrack makes no attempt to deny that Tatchell's stepfather merely worked for a taxi company (instead of 'owning a taxi') and that his wages were below the national average. But the *Sun*'s elusive reporter Suzanne Chapple fights back on the question of Tatchell's 'leafy suburbs'. According to Parrack, she says that at the time when Tatchell lived in Mount Waverley, it was a 'new suburb of Melbourne and the houses were free-standing brick houses set in almost half-acre grounds, and the streets were planted with leafy saplings. One of Australia's top golf courses, the Metropolitan, where the Australian Open is played, is in the vicinity. It was not an "Ozzie Battlers" area but an area settled in the late '50s and early '60s.'

Ms Chapple glides over the fact that Tatchell spent his early years in the docklands by saying that 'at no stage did I learn from speaking to any of his distant relatives or his immediate relatives that he had been brought up in the docklands.'

Golfballs may or may not have been whizzing through the Mt Waverley atmosphere, but it does not alter Tatchell's claim that, when he was there, 'the gardens were open paddocks and bushland. The streets were dirt roads and drainage flowed in open gutters in the streets. The family had an outside tin-can toilet'.


THE SUN Saturday September 25, 1982

MIDDLE-CLASS PAST OF WORKING-CLASS HERO

Tatchell had an easy life in the leafy suburbs

By SUZANNE CHAPPLE in Melbourne

LABOUR Leftie Peter Tatchell's proud boast to be a son of the working class is BUNKUM, The Sun can reveal today.

Australian Tatchell was not reared in a tough dockland area of Melbourne as he has claimed.

He had an easy life in the comfort of a middle-class home in the suburb of Mount Waverley ...

Tatchell, staged in the top ... boy at his school ...

Moreover, Tatachell did indeed have to leave school at the minimum age – because his parents could not afford to keep him on, *not* because 'he did not get on with his stepfather' as the *Sun* claimed. Richard Parrack's reply is that 'your reference to the circumstances of Tatchell's leaving school does not seem to differ substantially from what appeared in the *Sun*'.

On 26 September 1982, the day after the *Sun*'s article, the *News of the World* ran a touched-up picture of Tatchell which made him look as if he were wearing make-up. It was printed next to the headline GAY ROW ROCKS LABOUR. On 11 November Henry Douglas, legal manager of News Group Newspapers, admitted that the picture had been retouched in the paper's northern editions. It had been wired north from the London office: 'As not uncommonly happens in wiring the colour tone was somewhat bleached and some of the features bleached. In an attempt to compensate for this, some retouching was done in Manchester'. Douglas admitted that 'the retouching was not faultless . . . but I certainly do not agree that it has made Tatchell look more effeminate than the original'. The paper refused to apologise.

Patrick Wintour

Bonanza for Japan and US in British TV

A NEW joint venture between the British telecommunications and electronics company Plessey and the US satellite and cable communications corporation Scientific-Atlanta places in doubt one of the Hunt Committee's central recommendations on the expansion of cable television in Britain.

Hunt recommended that 'Pay-per-view' systems on cable should be banned. Widely used in the US, these systems enable viewers to pay for individual programmes such as sporting events and concert relays. A sophisticated 'black box' monitors what is being viewed, and subscribers receive a bill at the end of the month. In the US, cable operators buy up the rights to major events and then charge viewers up to $25 to watch them. The huge sums created in this way have enabled cable operators to threaten the US networks' bids for the Seoul Olympic Games in 1988. US viewers may have to pay extra to watch live coverage of the major events, while those without cable will not be able to watch them at all.

It was this splitting of the audience into the haves and the have-nots that made the BBC come out strongly against pay-per-view in its evidence to Hunt; and Hunt, mindful that cable will only ever reach 50 per cent of British households, banned pay-per-view systems. But the enormous rewards to be gained from pay-per-view have led British cable operators to put pressure on the government to throw out this recommendation.

Now this pressure has been greatly increased by the latest deal between Plessey and Scientific-Atlanta. The joint venture is designed to give Plessey access to pay-per-view technology manufactured for Scientific-Atlanta by Japan's Matsushita Corporation. A similar joint venture last year between the British electronics company Racal and California's Oak Communications, by which Racal gained access to Oak's sophisticated pay-per-view technology, set the pattern for this deal.

In view of these developments it will be surprising if the government's White Paper on cable television, due in the Spring, does not override Hunt and accept pay-per-view systems. If they are accepted, Britain's much vaunted cable revolution will begin with a massive influx of American and Japanese technology, and the Government's claims about cable's impact on jobs will look rather thin.

Michael Pilsworth

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Britain invades Sweden

BRITISH spy planes are regularly 'intruding into Swedish territory', according to Swedish government officials and the national newspaper *Dagens Nyheter*. Last Sunday the paper splashed a report – ignored by the press in Britain – of a British Nimrod electronic intelligence ('elint') plane being intercepted and escorted away from Swedish airspace by two Draken fighter interceptors. The paper also published a clear photograph of the British plane being chased away (see below).

The Nimrod's wing marking, XW666, was confirmed by aircraft spotters as belonging to one of three super-secret Nimrod R1s, which are virtually never seen. The aircraft belong to No 51 Squadron, at RAF Wyton near Huntingdon, and their electronic spying missions in the Baltic are directed by Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) in Cheltenham. Such missions have been conducted since the 1950s and, in the past at least, would involve deliberate 'provocative penetration' of Soviet airspace by other aircraft. The 'elint' planes, flying what the Swedish Air Force calls the 'tram run' round the Baltic, would then record signals as the Soviets responded.

PA

According to *Dagens Nyheter*, Swedish airspace is invaded between 12 and 15 times a year, usually by British or American aircraft. (The US spy planes are based at Mildenhall in Suffolk.)

The Ministry of Defence claimed this week that 'we don't intentionally invade Swedish airspace. We've had no complaint from the Swedes. We will phone their embassy about this'. The ministry refused to talk about the movement of Nimrod XW666, as it was 'an operational matter'. But the Swedish embassy in London confirmed the newspaper report: 'I know that they have invaded Swedish airspace,' the press counsellor said.

Duncan Campbell

Wrangling galore

BOUNDARY CHANGES will lead to wrangles in many parliamentary seats before the next election, but it is doubtful if any will match the goings-on in Brigg and Scunthorpe, currently held by the Tories with a majority of just 486. The seat is to be divided, leaving the western end round Scunthorpe a safe Labour seat; the eastern end will join with parts of Louth to make a Tory seat.

Simple so far. But the new eastern seat has two possible Tory incumbents – Michael Brown (now MP for Brigg and Scunthorpe) and Michael Brotherton (at present the member for Louth). Brotherton's chances were probably not improved by recent revelations that he had hitched lifts from the police forces of three counties to attend a party organised by his wife. More recently he made his third appearance on a breathalyser charge; he was fined £600 and banned for three years.

Meanwhile Labour is arguing about its choice for the safe seat of Scunthorpe. John Ellis, MP for Brigg and Scunthorpe between 1974 and 1979, was reselected for the old seat 18 months ago despite a strong challenge from Keith Bill, press officer for the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation. The selection was expected to cover the new seat as well, but steelworkers are now saying that they would like a steel MP while Scunthorpe still has a steelworks.

Not to be outdone, the SDP-Liberal Alliance in Scunthorpe will probably split later this month. Local Liberals are refusing to ratify the SDP's choice of candidate, the town's former Labour mayor Cyril Nottingham. They claim that the seat was allocated to the SDP only on the understanding that Nottingham would not stand.

John Hatton

MISCELLANY

Still steaming

Sir David Serpell's report on the future of the railways, exclusively previewed in last week's *NS*, is now due to be published next week. But a glance at the maps in the report makes one wonder whether Serpell and his colleagues have any idea of how Britain's railways work. Consider, if you will, the line from Aberystwyth to Devil's Bridge. British Rail runs this as a tourist attraction. It is worked by BR's only remaining steam engines, it runs only in the summer and it is a narrow-gauge railway. In Serpell's 'Option C1', the line is retained. 'Option C2' also keeps the line, but removes the main line to Aberystwyth. The nearest rail heads are Carmarthen and Bangor. The line disappears from 'Option C3' but amazingly reappears in 'Option D' – on the grounds that it is serving a population of 25,000.

Going nowhere

Serpell's report is also likely to embarrass transport secretary David Howell. For the past seven years central government has made about 120 grants towards the cost of private rail sidings, to encourage firms to switch their freight from road to rail. The government pays up to half the cost of a private siding and has so far handed out nearly £40 million. Yet many of these grants have been given to firms that could now lose their railway. For example, a distribution firm in Blackburn received a grant of £286,000 last August, and is now building its siding. However, the main line to Blackburn stays open in only two of Serpell's eight options. Perhaps the company could turn the siding into a tourist attraction by running pleasure rides up and down it.

Portrait of a Lady

Is the Iron Lady losing her grip? The fuss about her appointment of the absurd Robin Leigh-Pemberton to the Bank of England has distracted attention from an equally interesting item of news: Lady Platts has been made chairwoman of the Equal Opportunities Commission. Lady Platts is a marine engineer, an Essex county councillor and a peeress in her own right. She is also (of course) a Tory; however, she is dripping wet and – even more unusually for one of Mrs T's appointees – rather intelligent. What can the Prime Minister be up to?

The unknown warrior

One shouldn't, however, make too much of Lady Platts's appointment. Just before Christmas, Mrs Thatcher announced the names of five new 'working peers' on the Conservative side. The only one not in *Who's Who* was a Mrs Caroline Cox, director of the Nursing Education Research Unit. In search of further details, we rang Conservative Central Office. 'Never heard of her. Who is she?' replied the press officer. However, her name *is* known at North London Polytechnic, where she rose with great rapidity from her first post as lecturer in 1969 to a headship of department in 1974. This was a period of strife at NLP, in which marxist Harold Wolpe was eased out of his post as head of the sociology division. He was replaced by a committee (including Mrs Cox) and then by a full head of sociology (guess who). Lady Cox's best-known academic publication is *Rape of Reason*, an attack on left-wing students and staff at NLP for their 'violent' and disruptive activities. The book was published by the little-known Churchill Press, under whose imprint her friend Rhodes Boyson edited the Constitutional Book Club.

How time flies . . .

By the way, since the Prime Minister has never seemed particularly strong on statistics, the *New Statesman* begs leave to inform her of an important forthcoming event. By next Tuesday evening she will have been PM for 1,356 days. So what? Well, her dear friend Ted Heath occupied No 10 for only 1,355 days. Start chilling that champagne now.

Auto-destruction

This column's 1982 award for intellectual rigour goes to the Revolutionary Gay Men's Caucus. At its meeting in Manchester last month, the caucus passed a slightly convoluted resolution which argued that capitalism had 'created the material conditions for the liberation of sexuality' by removing production from the family; on the other hand 'the defence of homosexual desire can only be conducted as part of the struggle to overthrow capitalist relations of production'. The motion concluded: 'As a result of this analysis we conclude that our organisation is without useful function or purpose. Its continued existence would require the elaboration of separatist and sectarian justifications. We have therefore decided to dissolve our organisation with effect from 31 December 1982.' And that was the end of that.

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Lead in petrol: British company 'misled public'

A £100,000 advertising campaign by Associated Octel – the Cheshire-based company which provides the lead additives for the UK petroleum industry – has been criticised by the Advertising Standards Authority (ASA) for deliberately misleading the general public.

Last September, Associated Octel published full-page adverts headed 'The health and wealth of the nation' in several national newspapers, claiming that leaded petrol was not harmful to children. The ASA subsequently received numerous complaints that the Octel adverts failed to mention research which contradicted the company's published statement that 'Octel can state with absolute conviction that the assertions of the anti-lead campaign regarding a connection between airborne lead and health – and children's health in particular, are unsubstantiated medically or scientifically.'

Octel maintained that it had used sources which gave a 'recognised and totally objective assessment of the issues.' Its quoted sources comprised three publications by Octel itself, a statement from the UK Petroleum Industry Association, and the DHSS's largely discredited 1980 Lawther report *Lead and Health*. In its judgment, to be published next month, the ASA concludes that Octel was 'expressing what was no more than their own opinion in terms likely to be interpreted as incontrovertible fact.'

Meanwhile, official attempts are being made to play down two new studies which show that large numbers of children are suffering from high levels of lead pollution. A survey of pre-school children in Birmingham, published during the Christmas holiday by the Department of the Environment (DoE), reveals that a third of the children have lead levels in their blood that exceed the government's own safety level of 25 microgrammes of lead to every decilitre of blood. For Asian children the findings are even more disturbing – almost half (47 per cent) breach that safety guideline.

No action is being taken by the DoE or the city council. The council has not discussed the survey, which was conducted over three years ago, and the steering committee which carried out the research has made only one recommendation – that further surveys be carried out.

Another, unpublished, study on the lead content of the teeth of 2,663 London children has revealed that high-leaded children can suffer an IQ deficit of up to 5 points. This confirms earlier studies in Greenwich and in the USA that suggest a 7-point deficit.

However, the scientists who undertook the study have blamed 'social factors' for the IQ differences in the high and low leaded children – the original aim of the study (see *NS* 9 April 1982). Social factors included the state of the parents' marriage, levels of cleanliness, parental interest in the child. When these were taken into account, the IQ deficit was still between three and two points. But the scientists rejected even these results as they failed a validating test of statistical significance.

Des Wilson, chairman of the Campaign for Lead-free Air (CLEAR) said the attempt to 'correct' the findings in this way was 'an absolute scandal.' One of the study's scientists, field director Marjorie Smith of the London Institute of Child Health, said it was uncertain that eliminating lead from the environment would improve children's performance. Rather, she said: 'Greater parental interest and involvement in the education of their children would probably lead to improved intellectual and educational performance. Generally improved social conditions would probably result in lower levels of lead being absorbed by young children.'

The 'social factors' argument against the anti-lead lobby could well backfire. Taking lead out of petrol would be a less costly alternative than a major programme of social and educational improvements, especially after the damage of several years of public spending cuts.

Rick Rogers

Leaded petrol and its effect on the environment is a highly emotive issue. Child health features large within this. Octel can state with absolute conviction that the assertions of the anti-lead campaign regarding a connection between airborne lead and health – and childrens health in particular, are unsubstantiated medically or scientifically. Octel's responsibilities begin with the

Miners' strike called off

THE SOUTH WALES miners' strike, due to start next Monday, was called off this week after a deal was struck with the Coal Board. A promise of more investment for the ailing coalfields persuaded miners' leaders to recommend abandoning the strike plan.

However, at the meeting on Tuesday afternoon which decided on this recommendation there were strongly expressed disagreements, for although the Coal Board has promised more recruitment at some pits, and more money to open new faces, it could be at the expense of allowing 'uneconomic' pits – eight of which have been identified so far – to go to the wall.

It was the failure to fight in Scotland which effectively undermined the Welsh strike, since it was then relatively easy for the Coal Board to pitch its proposals at a level which did not jeopardise its policy in South Wales but did allow it to procure a face-saving formula.

The policy of individual pit closures will now continue. It remains to be seen whether there will be isolated resistance at these pits. But even the militants are becoming disheartened by the Duke of York tactics – called up to the top of the hill only to be marched down again.

Ceri Jones

SDP remain in doldrums

MORE THAN three months have now passed since the Social Democrats won a seat in a local council by-election at district, borough or county level. Further evidence of the SDP's decline is the party's apparent inability to fight, let alone win, as many seats as the Liberals. In the past six months, the SDP has won two out of 58 seats it has fought, whereas the Liberals have won 28 out of 99.

Even for the Liberals, the picture is none too rosy. Of the 171 contests we have monitored since July, 25 were in seats previously held by Liberals. Two were defended by the SDP on behalf of the Alliance – both were lost; another, in Easington, was fought by both a Liberal and an SDP candidate: the SDP won. Otherwise, the Liberals have defended 22 seats on behalf of the Alliance in the past six months, and made a net gain of only six (14 gains, eight losses).

The full table of gains and losses in the second half of 1982 is:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	65	15	17	67
Lab	65	11	10	64
Lib	25	11	14	28
SDP	–	–	2	2
Others	16	9	3	10

The Alliance's overall net gain of five seats – out of 171 contests – in the second half of 1982 contrasts with gains of 100 seats (out of 214 contests) in the second half of 1981.

There were too few contests in December 1982 to update reliably our estimate for national support for the parties. However, taking the whole of the autumn political 'season' – the peak period each year for by-elections – more than 160,000 votes have been cast in three-cornered contests since mid-September. Compared with the same period last year, the Conservatives have gained ten points to reach 36.5 per cent, Labour has gained five points to reach 33 per cent, and the Alliance, at 28.2 per cent, is down 15 points.

Peter Kellner
Research by Steve Walker

● This article was scheduled to appear last week, but was held over due to pressure on space. We apologise to readers who expected to see it, after a preview of our figures appeared in *The Times*.

LIBS' TALLY

Date	Place	Lib Vote	Lib%	Result
4/11	South Beds*	122	21.0	Lab hold
2/12	Elmbridge*	203	17.4	Con hold
2/12	Yeovil*	554	60.4	LIB gain (Lab)
2/12	Dartford*	64	5.2	Lab hold
2/12	Rushmoor*	285	20.2	Con hold
2/12	Lancs*	612	14.6	Con hold
2/12	Isle of Wight*	587	42.8	Con gain (LIB)
2/12	Durham	253	10.5	Lab hold
9/12	Hereford	784	59.8	LIB hold
9/12	Woking*	1013	47.5	LIB hold
9/12	North Wilts	830	52.2	LIB gain (Con)
9/12	Caradon	189	27.7	Ind hold
9/12	Easington	230	30.8	Lab hold
9/12	Leicester*	407	11.5	Lab hold
16/12	Broxtowe*	290	20.3	Con hold
16/12	Northavon	574	56.5	LIB gain (Con)
16/12	Liverpool*	1588	60.5	LIB hold
16/12	Northumberland*	519	41.9	Con gain (LIB)
16/12	West Lindsey	303	39.9	Con gain (Lab)
16/12	West Lindsey	376	60.7	LIB hold

** seats also contested by both Con and Lab.*

SDP's TALLY

Date	Place	SDP Vote	SDP %	Result
2/12	Hackney*	114	9.8	Lab hold
9/12	Kent*	213	9.5	Lab gain (Ind)
9/12	Sevenoaks*	64	8.1	Lab gain (Ind)
9/12	Tandridge*	479	46.4	Con hold
9/12	West Lancs*	167	20.2	Lab gain (LIB)

** seats also contested by both Con and Lab.*

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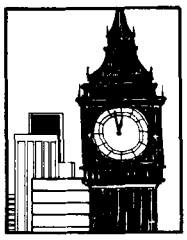

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

No answers from the Alliance – just 200 questions

NEXT THURSDAY, Westminster's Central Hall will host the 'rebirth' of the Liberal/SDP Alliance. With Shirley Williams presiding, sundry candidates in attendance and other candidates appearing on videotape, music from the Aberystwyth male voice choir, and a 2000-word joint statement on how to revive Britain's economy, David Steel and Roy Jenkins will crown the proceedings with their messages of hope for their supporters.

Two things could spoil the day for the Alliance. The first is that the Franks report on the Falklands may be published on the same day, thus relegating the Central Hall jamboree to the inside pages of the newspapers and the second half of *News at Ten*. The second is that, in truth, nothing will actually *happen* to the Alliance next Thursday. It will be the ultimate media hype, devoid of any significance save the coverage it receives.

Take, for example, the question of whom the Alliance will present as their Prime Minister-in-waiting. Last August, Roy Jenkins said on Tyne Tees TV's *Face the Press* that

> you will certainly have an Alliance candidate for the Prime Ministership . . . the people whose votes we're appealing for should know who would be the head of that government.

Mr Jenkins underlined his point by affirming that 'we don't think we should ask the electorate to buy a pig in a poke' – hastily adding, 'not that either of us would like to think of ourselves as a pig.'

Quite so; but to proceed. Seven weeks later, on the eve of the Liberal Party assembly in Bournemouth, David Steel appeared on the same programme. While firmly stamping on any suggestion that the Alliance would have a joint leader, he agreed that the Liberals and SDP would have to agree on their candidate for Number Ten. When would this person emerge, Mr Steel was asked? 'I would hope around the turn of the year.'

Two days later Shirley Williams and Cyril Smith announced next week's rally. Most journalists, and not a few party activists, leaped to the conclusion that the rally would provide the occasion for anointing someone – provisional codename, Roy Jenkins – as PM-in-waiting. This week the word from both the Liberal and SDP camps is that no such ceremony will occur.

AT ONE LEVEL this display of indecision does not matter: the Alliance is not going to form the next government. But at another level it does matter, for it symbolises the Alliance's – in particular the SDP's – general uncertainty about its purpose and strategy. This indecision would matter less if the Alliance had a policy for dealing with the more probable outcome of the next election – a hung Parliament, with the Alliance holding the balance of power. But here, too, it stumbles from one position to the next.

The Alliance's dilemma is this. If it holds the balance of power, should it insist on electoral reform as an *absolute* condition for supporting either a minority Labour or minority Conservative government? If it makes this condition absolute, it risks precipitating, at best, another general election and, at worse, a constitutional crisis. With the economy in recession and almost four million people without work, voters might not appreciate the Alliance's game-plan.

Alternatively, if the Alliance does *not* make electoral reform an absolute condition of support, it might consign itself to a permanent position on the margins of British politics, unable to break through under our present electoral system.

When Brian Walden put this point to David Owen on *Weekend World* in September 1981, Dr Owen left no doubt where he stood:

> You've got to be prepared to fight another election within a few weeks, and that's the fundamental issue. If they think you're not prepared to fight another election, they'll try to get away with it. And so the central thing is to go into the negotiations determined that if they don't give you exactly what you want, which is a total and absolute commitment to have proportional representation on the statute book in that first year of the Parliament, then you prefer to have another election.

By last August Roy Jenkins, on *Face the Press*, said that he placed 'equal importance' on electoral reform and economic policy. Then, last weekend on BBC's *Saturday Briefing*, Dr Owen merely referred to electoral reform as one of *four* items on an agenda for negotiation with the other parties. The other three items, he said, were the economy, industry and defence. My colleague, Hugh Stephenson, asked Dr Owen: 'Which is the most important item on the agenda for you then?' Dr Owen replied: 'I think, to be honest, the economy is the most important issue.' He made no attempt to argue that PR would be an absolute sticking point.

It is possible that the softening of the SDP's line on PR has something to do with discoveries it has recently made on the subject from opinion polls. Publicly, SDP leaders have been scornful of polls; at the SDP's rolling conference last autumn, Mr Jenkins called for 'a period of silence' from them. But a few weeks later the SDP commissioned one of the most elaborate private polls any party has ever undertaken. It was conducted by Audience Selection (which also polls for the *Sun*) and consisted of no less than 200 questions. A copy of the questionnaire has come my way.

Audience Selection conducted its survey by telephone. The pollster's opening words to the unsuspecting victims of the SDP's curiosity were:

> Hello, I'm calling from Audience Selection, the independent survey research company. We're going to be talking to a thousand people throughout the country about politics and we'd like to include your views and feelings. Could we talk for 15 to 20 minutes?

At least Audience Selection was not trying to sell encyclopaedias, or life insurance, or double glazing. But its level of candour still left something to be desired. To complete the questionnaire in the agreed time, it would have been necessary to log an answer every six seconds. As a rule of thumb, it takes 20 to 30 seconds, on average, to read each question, wait for the answer and write it down. Had Audience Selection come clean with its sample, it would have had to admit embarking on up to an hour and a half of questioning.

PR plays only a modest role in the survey; and from trends measured in published polls it is likely that the SDP have discovered it not to be a major vote-winner. Instead, leading SDP officials – and a handful of senior Liberals to whom they have shown the results – are likely to have found more interest in a battery of questions that test voters' knowledge of the 'defects' of the other parties. Audience Selection put six statements to its sample and asked whether they thought each statement in turn was true or false.

After attempting to establish how awful things really are under the Tories, and how awful, but in a different way, things would be under Labour, the survey asks Tory and Labour supporters whether they still remain loyal to their respective parties.

At the same time as trying to measure the fragility of Tory and Labour support, the poll seeks to test various planks in the Alliance's own election platform. Above all, the SDP wants to find out if it can succeed by making as few commitments as possible. At one point the poll inquires whether interviewees would vote 'for a new political party that seemed reasonable and responsible, even if they outlined their approach but made few detailed promises'. And elsewhere Roy Jenkins's image is tested, as a man who 'makes a virtue of not promising too much'.

Unfortunately, I cannot tell you what the SDP have made of all this, because I do not – yet – have the results. If and when I obtain them, I shall let you know. □

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LOCAL COUNCILS – 1

Breaking the chains

Left-wing Labour councils are enthusiastically pursuing 'decentralisation'. But what does it actually mean? Patrick Wintour investigates

Local government is at a crossroads. It can follow the Birmingham road to privatisation, or it can follow our path towards decentralisation. But local government cannot go on as it has been. 'Heseltine,' the pressure on rates and people's general cynicism about council services means the existing set-up must go.

THE EMPHATIC SPEAKER is Anthony Kendall, the young and leftist leader of Hackney Council in North London where the Labour group has begun a massive experiment in the decentralisation of services. By the end of the year it may involve emptying half the Town Hall, decanting local government workers into 30 neighbourhood offices and setting up 23 elected neighbourhood committees, based on ward boundaries, to control the work of the offices.

Similar plans are being discussed in the London boroughs of Islington, Southwark, Greenwich, Camden, Lewisham, Haringey and Brent and in Leeds and Manchester. Some councils, in the face of union opposition, are considering only pilot projects. Some are considering only partial decentralisation, such as Camden where only 12 area offices are planned. Some are very modest about their plans, such as Glasgow district council. But others are near messianic in their enthusiasm. One discussion paper in Islington talks of 'reversing 60 years of socialism.'

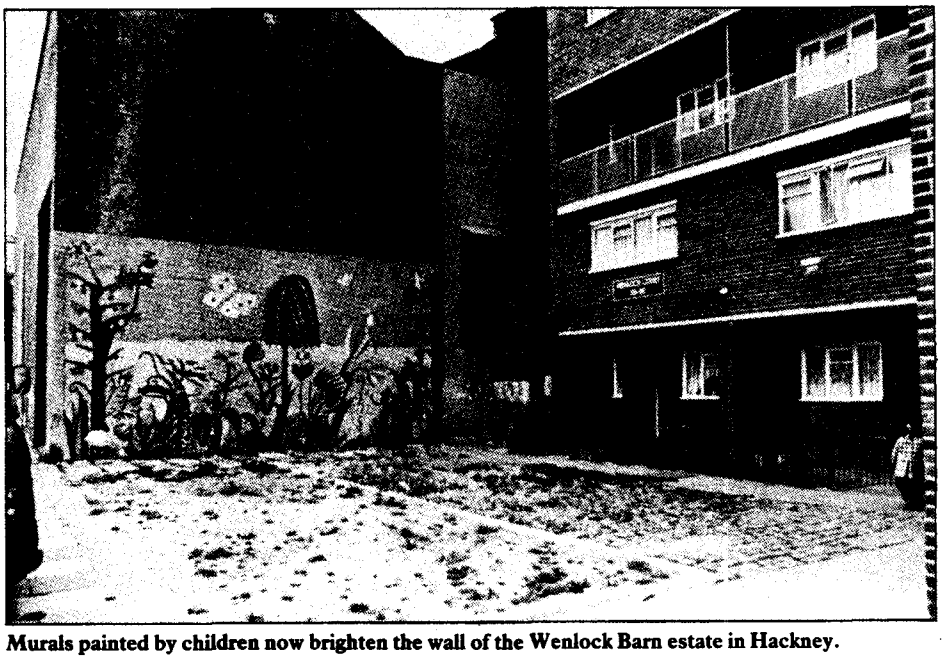
It was the Walsall experiment after 1980 which had such a radical effect on Labour thinking. Walsall had its detractors but with great speed – less than two years – it set up 32 local housing offices and appointed over 100 officers with a brief to involve the community in the services the council provided. Making extensive use of new technology, the offices provide information on rebates, arrears, transfers, rents. Locally based but roving housing repair teams have been set up, improving productivity by 130 per cent.

Last May Labour lost control of Walsall council to an 'anti-socialist' coalition of Liberals, Tories, independents and ratepayers. But support for the experiment has been such that the Tories and independents have been forced to pull back from closing the offices.

The Liberals would even like to extend the services provided beyond simply housing and welfare rights.

Through 1980-1 many Labour people made the pilgrimage to Walsall and returned as true believers. A commitment to decentralisation went into many May 1982 manifestos.

The councils face great problems simply in overcoming their constituents' cynicism. Hackney, for instance, has already lost more central government rate subsidy than any other London borough. As a result, it has also had to raise its rates massively in the last four years. There is a consensus that the limit of ratepayer tolerance has been reached and a fear that decentralisation may coincide with another rate hike. Even if decentralisation was not expensive, the public would associate it with the rate rise and dismiss the whole thing as another expensive, bureaucratic charade.



Murals painted by children now brighten the wall of the Wenlock Barn estate in Hackney.

The unions, for their part, are eager to squeeze what they can from any change. In December NALGO put forward a 15 point minimum programme of demand as their price for agreement to decentralisation. These include regrading, better facilities and an agreement to fill the 400-odd currently vacant posts. If the council gives way the cost would be heavy.

But the advocates of the reform are acting urgently. Hackney hopes to have its first neighbourhood office in place by April, with the majority of them open soon afterwards. Islington aims for half its offices to be open by the end of the year. The Labour Group on Hackney Council and the local government committee are to spend this coming weekend in the town hall drawing up their 'redprint' for decentralisation. Some hope simply that the standard of local services will be improved by the reforms. But many regard the process as being essentially about devolving power.

Charles Clarke, the chair of Hackney's housing committee, argues: 'We do not want to set up a new access point to get at the power which still resides in the centre. We want to transfer the point at which decisions are taken. The question we have to ask ourselves the whole time is: "why cannot this decision be made at the local level?" '

Kendall also sees the change having a political impact: 'The paternalism of local government has been a disaster for socialism.' Kendall subscribes to a widely held view on the Left: that the Tory 1979 election victory represented an anti-state, anti-bureaucracy rebellion. Welfare state institutions were rejected as faceless, inept and uncontrollable. In this atmosphere traditional calls to 'defend our services' and 'fight the cuts' fall on deaf ears. Thus Maurice Barnes, the chairman of the Islington Decentralisation Committee, argues

> Most ratepayers are not angry enough about lack of resources, they are angry about inefficiency. That will only change when services are seen to be more flexible, sensitive and fair.

Kendall believes that decentralisation of all major services offers a solution:

> Professional interests and loyalties currently determine the demarcation lines of the bureaucracy. As a result people are sent from one office to another without any apparent reason. To get a repair done, bits of paper have to go to at least six different people. With decentralisation more of the services will be in one place, the neighbourhood office. People don't like the impersonal image of councils.

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> With decentralisation the council will actually consist of people with names and not just forms and voices on the end of the telephone line.

In Hackney housing seemed to be the greatest source of resentment.

Over two-thirds of Hackney's 80,000 households live in public housing, almost exclusively flats. In 1980 the tenants and housing maintenance workers got together to discuss why the repair services were so bad. The Federation of Hackney Tenants Associations were angry about delays. The building workers were equally disgruntled about falling earnings due to the amount of time they spent unproductively. Their joint report looked at why almost two-thirds of an operative's time was wasted – insufficient depots, poor working facilities, lack of co-ordination in pre-inspection and ordering materials, incorrect job tickets, insufficient storage, a deteriorating bonus scheme, a failure to involve tenants and estate managers in any consultation. The report's solution was local depots and repair teams, as well as tenant participation.

At about the same time, Hackney's Housing Department became involved in the Department of Environment's experimental 'Priority Estates Project' – covering three problem estates – in Tulse Hill, Bolton and Hackney. The Hackney estate selected was Wenlock Barn. The 700-flat estate – peeling paint, broken windows, refuse, graffiti, urinated walls, blocked drains, poor lighting – was not surprisingly classified as 'difficult to let' or, more pertinently, difficult to live in.

Anne Blaber was appointed consultant by the council and the DoE.

Her aim was to get tenants involved in the running of the estate and for council workers on the estate to be based locally. Wenlock Barn has not suddenly become Mayfair, but it is generally agreed that things are better. A locally-based repairs service was set up, elections for a Tenant Board were held in which 100 tenants participated, the estate office has extended its opening hours, some landscaping has been done with a £60,000 urban development grant, the estate is tidier and the Board meets the estate manager fortnightly to discuss the running of the estate.

Partly as a result of Wenlock Barn, Hackney's energetic Director of Housing, Tony Shoults, decided that the decentralisation of repairs, lettings, collection of rent arrears and housing repair programmes should be implemented throughout the borough as part of a reorganisation of the 17,000 properties taken over by Hackney from the GLC in April 1982.

Shoults in particular wished to give estate managers some 'clout':

> Previously the estate manager was made to work on his own in a little box with no authority or resources to hand. He was just the council's representative: 'Bung him out there he will take the brickbats and try and get someone else to do the repairs.' Not surprisingly the relationship between the council and the tenants was a disaster.

Before the previous Council's term of office ended in May 1982, Shoults proposed that six District Offices should be set up, to be run by District Committees of tenants representatives and local ward councillors (as formal sub-committees of the council's Housing Management Committee). The Federation of Hackney Tenants would also be formally recognised, a controversial decision that has led to a rival, less radical tenants' group being set up.

Shoults also proposed 27 area offices below these districts, covering 1,500-2,000 properties. At each of these offices cleaning, repair, housing staff and estate managers would work together. Area forums would be held at which tenants could raise local issues. It was also intended that housing finance functions – normally the remit of the Council's Central Finance Department – should merge with the Housing Department and that eventually each estate should be given its own budget.

The decision to proceed with Shoults's proposals for housing has, however, caused dissension within Hackney Labour Party. Many say it has pre-empted Labour plans for a more general decentralisation of *all* services. However, the chairman of the Hackney Housing Committee, Charles Clarke, argued that it was better to start some experiment at least. It is likely that many of the area offices will be converted into neighbourhood offices, providing all the council's services. The district committees would go and budgets would be provided at each ward level.

But these more general decentralisation plans have been slow to be unveiled. Hackney NALGO spokesman Ivan Beavis claims: 'It's clear to me that the council have not a clue what they mean by decentralisation. It's just a catchphrase for improving the services.'

A series of consultative meetings was held in each ward before Christmas. The council presented no proposals of its own at these meetings, but left it to the audience to explain what they wanted decentralised. In all, Kendall estimates that 3,000 people have been directly consulted in this way.

Islington Council, by contrast, drew up proposals before having any 'consultations.' Islington aims to have 25-30 offices. Each would be headed by a Neighbourhood Officer. Staff below the NO would fall into one of four categories – advice workers (covering community support, benefits, housing advice); a Housing Officer with responsibility for repairs, lettings, caretakers, porters, improvements and empty properties; a small team of social workers and officers to deal with domiciliary service, such as 'meals on wheels' (social work in many authorities, including Islington, has already been decentralised and there may be stiff resistance to this further devolution); and Environmental Health Officers.

The intention is that these offices should have full clerical support and computerised systems, with an attractive atmosphere, so that local groups can regard them as 'resource centres.' (The chic neighbourhood office, shown in a video mock up prepared by Islington, would put most advertising agency offices to shame.) In all Islington expects 30 or so people to work in each office. ▶

GLC
Women's Committee
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The GLC Women's Committee exists to promote the welfare and interests of women in Greater London.

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The theme for this meeting will be **Public Transport.** There will also be an opportunity to make your views heard on our aims and objectives and to meet the co-opted members of the Committee.

For further information contact
Valerie Wise, Room 175, County Hall, London
SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1038.

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A major area of contention is the degree of control locally elected committees should have over the local office. Both Hackney and Islington argue that the proposals are genuinely about devolving power. An Islington discussion paper asserts: 'The opportunity presented for localised control may well have a positive and considerable effect by involving far larger numbers in decision making processes and may overcome the defeated impotence and frustration that is the cause of much working-class quietism.' The wish to devolve political power has meant that Hackney has decided to set up the offices that follow political ward boundaries, even though for most local people such boundaries do not correspond with neighbourhoods.

The drawbacks in letting the reins go are clear already. One of the six Hackney district housing committees has a majority of Liberal councillors, intent on different housing policies from those of the Labour group. This problem will be replicated if the 30 offices are given control on lettings, housing investment grants and the like. A local office might run a racist housing policy. A thousand flowers may bloom, but some of them could be pretty unsightly.

Decentralisation has been the buzz word of Liberals and Social Democrats for some time now. Ironically, on the Labour side it is Bennites, the great centralisers, who have taken up the challenge most enthusiastically and comprehensively. Let's hope they don't fall flat on their face. □

LOCAL COUNCILS – 2

Controversy every step of the way

Anne Wiltsher, with Sarah Benton, looks at how local government serves women

FEW AREAS OF government have seemed so much to be women's concern as local government. There, the daily matters of domestic life – housing and street lighting, nurseries and meals-on-wheels – wing their laborious way through committee corridors to come out as actions that can change how women actually live. Yet even on local councils female representatives are a small minority – only 16 out of 96 councillors on the Greater London Council for instance.

More important, perhaps, than numbers is the failure of most councillors to recognise the peculiar importance of local government for women. Though women make up the majority of all their constituents they are accustomed to seeing them as a 'minority' interest – or even as pets. 'You might as well have a Dogs' Committee,' said one Tory councillor in response to the setting up of the Women's Committee.

So far, the GLC has had a headstart in making women's interests an explicit priority of local government. It set up a Women's Committee, chaired by Valerie Wise, last May and shortly after appointed a senior officer (Louise Pankhurst – no relation) to oversee council policies towards women. At the same time they appointed an Equal Opportunities officer (Judith Hunt) to analyse and advise on the Council's own employment practices. Both women have their own back-up staff.

However, the innovation which has attracted most attention is the three-monthly Open Meeting, set up by the Women's Committee and open to any woman living in London. 100 turned up to the first, 500 to the third. Inevitably, they can be rather chaotic, and tend to attract those who are already committed to the women's movement and its unstructured political style. Nonetheless, the meetings spawn new ideas and working parties and force the Women's Committee to feel it must be as answerable to a wider community of women as to its Council colleagues.

Women's Committees, set up to promote the neglected interests of women and encourage their political involvement, were pioneered by trade unions in the mid-'70s. It needed the later influx of feminists into the Labour Party and the election of radical Labour councils to create local authority Women's Committees. They now exist in the London boroughs of Southwark, Islington, Camden and Brent. Interest is being shown by some Labour authorities in the North and Midlands, although no Women's Committees have yet been set up outside London.

The final proposal for a Women's Committee was put to the GLC by Valerie Wise. It was not agreed unanimously. (With its six women members and four men, it still can't fill one seat.) 'There were the usual arguments about feminism splitting the Left and about women already having achieved equality,' says Wise. 'But it was easier than anything we've done since. Everything the Women's Committee does is controversial.'

Wholehearted support from other Labour councillors largely depends on whether or not an issue fits into traditional Labour concerns. One report to the full council, passed by the Women's Committee in the summer, pointed out that 70 per cent of London's health workers are women and made various recommendations to the NHS strike. 'It went down a treat,' says Wise. But another at the same time asked for massive support for the women at Greenham Common and used the phrase 'patriarchal values of aggression'. So hostile was the reaction from some councillors that Wise says she had to plead for the report to be withdrawn for fear that it would be defeated.

Opposition in the borough councils ranges from the nasty to the mocking. Last June, two male Tory councillors stormed a women-only public meeting held by Camden Council to agree how the Women's Committee should operate. 'Anything to do with sexual politics had the Tories being hysterical' said Kate Allen, chairwoman of Camden Women's Committee. But some women councillors report that their colleagues in the Labour group have become more aware of their own unconscious sexism.

GIVEN HOW LITTLE money 'women's work' is allotted by Councils, the fuss has been quite disproportionate. This year, Camden Women's Committee has a grants budget of £200,000 plus £20,000 for publicity and extra for staff (0.2 per cent of the total budget).

The Committee already has one major problem on its doorstep – the Red Light district of Kings Cross – though much of its energy is going into a new training programme in its social service department. Women's employment opportunities may be the bedrock of women's freedom; but the more dramatic limitation on women is their fear of physical and sexual assault. Introducing a feminist perspective into politics may well mean challenging the traditional Labour Left libertarian line on law and order. Southwark Women's Committee (budget £150,000 out of a total £90 million) has been considering a report on Women and Safety. Its options include sponsoring a Women's Taxi Service along the lines of Mary Evans's Safe Woman Transport in Deptford, pressing for better street lighting through the Public Services Committee and for better estate design.

Most, but not all, of the Women's Committees draw heavily on women from outside the Committee in a new exercise in the devolution of power. Working groups have been formed (about 12 per council) for different interests such as employment, childcare, transport, health, and representing groups such as black, lesbian and disabled women. Such interests reflect the grant-giving role of the Committees – a role which has probably brought more contumely on their heads than any other. It is grants like the £7,500 for the English Collective of Prostitutes which have caught the headlines, rather than the £11,000 that has been given to buy a laser to treat cervical cancer.

Women's Committees undoubtedly have a problem in reaching beyond the existing women's pressure groups – with whom they must keep faith – to the unorganised women beyond. Judy Watson of Camden Women's Support Unit said that they aimed to attract as wide a cross-section of women as possible and accepted that this included organisations like the WI and Mother and Toddler groups which are usually anathema to the Left. This will be a real test of the sectarianism of Labour radicals, who can seem more interested in getting feminist support to defeat the Old Guard of the Labour Party than in ameliorating the lot of 'ordinary' women constituents.

One other test of feeling will be the full council's response to the GLC's 'Programme for Women' which has been compiled by the Women's Committee working parties. 'We shall be asking for women's comments over the next six months,' said Valerie Wise. The

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Programme – which amounts to a sketch of women's problems rather than a strategy for their solution – will be advertised widely with a meeting in every borough. To back it up, the Women's Committee is asking for its budget to be increased from the £557,261 for 1981/2 to £8.3 million for the following year – about 1 per cent of the council's total budget of £843.8m. It is the third largest budget bid of any Council committee (Industry and Employment is the top with £37.3m).

In fact, £5m of the budget would go to childcare projects, and £500,000 to help the elderly, the disabled and their female carers. Of course, it is politically shrewd to ask for money for children, the disabled and elderly, using little known sections of the Local Government Act 1963 and the Health Services and Public Health Act 1968. But the main victims of poor social services, inadequate pensions and poverty – mainstream Labour concerns – are, in fact, women. Perhaps it is precisely the absence of the 'feminist perspective' in these traditional issues which has made them seem so intractable.

While councillors outside London are carefully watching what happens in the capital, one feminist working for a Northern local authority is worried that it might provide a standard blueprint for Women's Committees. 'The question of women is less advanced up here,' she said. 'It's a less legitimate struggle. The six or seven women on the council don't identify themselves as fighters for women. If they had to form a Women's Committee, I don't know who they'd represent. There'd be no outside influence over the Committee.' Thus, she thinks, progress may have to come from women outside the council organising first, so that any Committee which is formed is answerable to a wider community of women rather than the needs of committee bureaucracy.

No one yet knows which is going to prove stronger – the pressure to follow a 'feminist perspective' or the orthodox structures of Council work. There is a general feeling that, from the mass open meetings, through co-opting lay people onto committees, to having officers whose reponsibilities cut across council departments, the structures of local government must change. But this is part of a general trend towards decentralisation common to radical Labour councils. Feminists may well provide the strongest impetus, since the breakdown of hierarchy and an emphasis on personal participation are central to feminist philosophy. But the pressure for local councillors to represent special interests – tenants, the elderly, black people – clashes with the existing practice of one councillor representing every person in a geographical constituency.

Such conflicts may not have time to develop if the radical Labour authorities lose power at their various next elections. Women's Committees have around three years to develop the experience and confident distance from 'old style politics' before they are judged by the electorate. Whatever else will have changed, most of the voters will still be women. □

TRADE UNIONS

Smash and grab

Jeremy McMullen studies Mr Tebbit's Green Paper

WITH HIS UNIQUE gift for imagery, Norman Tebbit said this week that he had not reached 'the final solution' for trade unions with this week's Green Paper on union democracy, and that more 'reforms' could follow. The good news is that the holocaust will not take place in this Parliament.

The Green Paper makes radical attacks on unions – through changes in internal elections, strike ballots and political activities. Tebbit does not object to unions being involved in politics, only in party politics, and that means the Labour Party. As a politician in power it is only natural that he should try to damage his opponents and he sees union political funds as the principal avenue.

Political funds were maintained by 69 unions in 1980, 81 per cent of whose members contributed to them. This represented 61 per cent of all trade unionists. Total contributions were just over £5 million, ranging from 5p to £2.08, or an average of 65p a member. Political funds represented 1.6 per cent of all funds for these unions. All the unions affiliated to the Labour Party, except for three which did not affiliate to any. By comparison, 340 companies exaamined by *Labour Research* in 1981 made political donations of just over £2 million.

Since 1913 members have had the right to *contract out* of paying the levy and must not be prejudiced in any way if they do. Most unions provide a form, or at least a notice, in their rule book which is made available on joining. After the General Strike the law was changed retributively to require contracting in. Nineteen years later, when the status quo was restored, contributors had fallen to 50 per cent. In the six counties of Northern Ireland, the level is even lower, largely but not entirely because contracting in is still required.

The Green Paper goes on to raise doubts about the protection of non-contributors. Yet, when exactly the same unsubstantiated allegations of pressure were made by Robert (now Lord) Carr in 1967, the Donovan Royal Commission told him: 'In the continued absence of such evidence, we are unable to say that the case for substituting contracting in for contracting out has been established'.

Nevertheless, with now only a dozen complaints a year made to the Certifiction Officer in charge of union political accounts, Tebbit still opts for contracting in. He also wants control over broadly political campaigns and affiliations to organisations like the Fabians and Labour Research Department, with tight scrutiny of indirect spending on support for political activities.

Unobtrusively nestling at the end of the document is a proposal that it should be illegal for employers to deduct union contributions from wages of members on the 'check-off' system, if any part of it is a political levy. With as many as two-thirds of members paying in this way – by contracting in of course – Tebbit has seen where he could really damage unions and this proposal may signal further attacks on checking-off.

The Green Paper also proposes to interfere more directly in internal union affairs in order 'to restore democracy' to the members:

> Trade union power . . . . can be used not just against employers but against individual members of unions . . . The Government has a special duty to safeguard the interests of citizens who have been coerced into union membership.

It therefore proposes legislation aimed at requiring elections regularly for top union officers and lay executives. Naturally, these would be by postal ballot to avoid the 'clear risks of manipulation' in what Tebbit himself describes as 'secret meetings at which unrepresentative minorities plot the trade union elections to ensure that positions of great power are filled by people on a tiny percentage of the available vote'.

The mechanics of law enforcement are also considered. No new courts and enforcement agencies this time. But the Green Paper would bluntly require unions to change their rules and to register under a system similar to that included in the 1971 Tory Industrial Relations Act. Unions which refused to register or to submit to state interference in elections (incidentally contrary to ILO conventions) would see their assets frozen, their funds seized by the courts as fines, their immunity for industrial action removed and 'the taking over by an outside authority of the running of the business of the trade union in the interest of its members'. Although milder alternatives are also canvassed, the horrific truth is that Tebbit really means this.

The third part of the proposals relates to compulsory strike ballots and is simply going through the motions. Response to Prior's Green Paper two years ago shows that there was little support for making strikes unlawful unless a ballot had been held. He might go for ballots triggered by groups of union members. But this would be in the hands of union members and thus could be open to abuse and manipulation, or be 'an important tactical weapon' in negotiations. So most attractive of all to Tebbit would be a ballot initiated by *employers* facing a strike. This would then ensure that the voice of non-union employees would be heard too. Shrewd employers, however, have advised no further action on strike ballots, so presumably these madcap schemes are for manifesto consumption rather than for implementation. □

Jeremy McMullen works for the GMBATU.

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LONDON AND THE TRANSPORT BILL

London's traffic is a mess. And we all know it!

- Our roads are snarled up – and they're not getting any better.
- Fares on our buses and tubes are the highest in the world – yet the services are going rapidly downhill.
- Much of London Transport's system needs modernising – but the money's just not there.

We've seen that increased fares drive passengers away – and fewer passengers pay even higher fares for a worsening service.

Obviously something must be done to put things right. London needs, and deserves, a lasting solution to its transport needs.

WHAT IS NEEDED?

The GLC is responsible for London's transport. We've first-hand knowledge and experience of the capital's transport problems.

- London needs a better bus and tube service – at prices that Londoners can afford.
- London needs more jobs – and cheaper fares would attract more business back into town.
- London Transport services need the same subsidies as local British Rail services – then we'd have uniform fares for *all* Londoners.
- London needs to reduce accidents, pollution and traffic congestion – which would happen if people returned to public transport.

HOW WOULD WE DO IT?

The GLC has a 'Balanced Plan' which we consider conforms with our statutory duties and those of London Transport. And these are some of the benefits as we see it:

- it would be a move towards the integration and simplification of public transport in London
- it would improve efficiency
- it would result in future savings
- it would see an end to the unacceptable cycle of higher fares/fewer passengers
- it would give London Transport the stability and some of the money it needs to modernise
- it provides for a reduction of fares costing the same as an average 25% fares cut and an increased use of London Transport.

We believe that this would go a long way towards meeting London's transport needs. And it reflects our determination to keep the best interests of the ratepayers to the fore.

WHAT ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT?

The Government also has ideas. They were outlined in the White Paper on the same day that a new Transport Bill was published.

Both show that the Government simply doesn't understand what London's real transport problems, let alone needs, are.

But how could they, considering how fast they're pushing their proposals through?

Their proposals *do* give provisional guidelines for public transport subsidies – but they're based on a number of serious misconceptions. A system based on these guidelines would not allow the desired simplification and integration which could only be achieved by a reduction in fares.

WHAT DO LONDONERS THEMSELVES SAY?

A recent independent survey showed that a majority of those interviewed thought that more subsidy – resulting in lower fares – should be found for London Transport. The present subsidy is about 27% while most other cities in the world average something like 50%.

In fact central Government only contributes 3% to the running of London Transport – the rest comes from London's ratepayers and farepayers.

The figures speak for themselves.

We believe:

- the Transport Bill and provisional guidance do not recognise London's problems and needs.
- if we were to follow the Government's guidelines the whole public transport system would continue to decline.

We believe that these are matters that should not be decided by central Government but by those elected by Londoners to speak for London as a whole. That is what we understand by local democracy – and that is what is under attack.

IF YOU AGREE please send the attached coupon to your MP or, better still, write asking him or her to oppose the Transport Bill.

TO: The Member of Parliament FOR _____
House of Commons, Westminster, London

I call upon you to oppose the Transport Bill unless it is amended and ask that the Government gives adequate subsidy to assist the GLC in providing a transport system that meets Londoners' real needs.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ Signed _____

This advertisement is placed by the Greater London Council as part of a campaign in association with the Metropolitan Counties and the AMA.

Keep Local Transport Local

GLC

Working for London

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DISARMAMENT

Berlin blockade

Sarah Benton on the affair of the 'Zhukov letter'

THE DECISION of Yuri Zhukov, president of the Soviet Peace Council, to circulate his criticisms of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation and the movement for European Nuclear Disarmament has baffled many peace activists. Mr Zhukov sent 1,500 copies of his letter to peace activists in Britain and West Germany before Christmas. In it he suggests that the true objective of the Peace Foundation and of END has been 'not to rally but to disunite the anti-war movements'.

Part of his letter reads:

> So far the peace champions of the various streams, movements and organisations both in the West and East have been coming out together for peace and disarmament, laying aside their ideological differences, however serious they might be. It is easy to see how much weaker their combined efforts would be if the anti-war movements were to set those differences as lines of demarcation between themselves breeding enmity.
>
> In this context one cannot but feel concerned about the discussions imposed by some persons and groups in order to eventually split the anti-war movement which is global by its nature and to infiltrate the 'cold war' elements into it. The promoters of those discussions increasingly strive to turn anti-war forums into an arena of open ideological struggle by replacing the discussion of the major task of preventing nuclear war, a task that unites us all, with debates on issues that have nothing to do with this task.

Two developments over the last year have caused the Soviet Union particular distress. One is that links between END and independent peace groups in Eastern Europe inevitably raise the question of human rights in the Soviet bloc. As a Czech emigré pointed out at an END meeting last month, the women at Greenham Common received two weeks in prison; for similar action in Czechoslovakia, the protesters could receive 14 years in jail. Certainly differences exist between western peace groups on how prominent the questions of human rights, of free access between people in West and East Europe should be. But there is no disagreement over the need to involve the existing peace councils of Eastern Europe in some sort of dialogue. Andress Zumach of the West German Action Reconciliation group believes that Zhukov's letter is 'a clear signal from the East that they won't take part in such a dialogue'. He points out that Zhukov's letter is 'not very helpful' as peace groups like his own have already been raising the fundamental critical questions about the basis of an all-European peace movement.

These questions now focus on the organisation of the convention to be held in West Berlin next May – and this is the second cause of Soviet antagonism. Zumach thinks it was probably a mistake to hold the convention in West Berlin at all, because of acute Soviet sensitivity that this could encourage calls for German re-unification. Zhukov asserts:

> It has become known that the organisers plan to bring a so-called 'German question' into discussions at the convention, thus trying to challenge the inviolability of the post-war European frontiers and to violate the letter and spirit of the Helsinki Final Act. The only way we can regard such political manoeuvres is as an attempt to revise the well-known agreements between the Federal Republic of Germany and its neighbours and the status of West Berlin.

In fact, there is no question of German re-unification being on the agenda. Mient Jan Farber of the Dutch Interchurch Peace Council thinks it was right to hold the convention in West Berlin, a symbol of the military division of Europe. But, he says, it would be 'absolutely stupid' to discuss the question of re-unification at the convention.

However, he too is critical of the way in which the convention is being organised. There is a very large liaison committee meeting every few months with a floating membership. There is a secretariat of just four people meeting in Brussels who represent political positions rather than actual peace organisations. And there is the Working Group for a Nuclear-Free Europe in charge of the practical organisation of the convention. According to Zhukov, it was after talks with this group that it became obvious that 'this issue of a nuclear-free Europe is largely a rubber-stamp measure put on the agenda as a concession to the demands of really mass anti-war organisations working against the deployment of new US missiles'. Most of the peace groups would like to see a more representative form for the liaison committee and will be pressing at its meeting on 29 January for changes to be made.

Some compromise with the Soviet Union has already been offered; the peace councils have been invited to participate in convention workshops but not in plenary sessions as they have not signed the original END Appeal (the basis for participation). END and the Russell Peace Foundation do not disagree on the importance of East-West dialogue. The Peace Foundation, however, is more geared towards action by political parties and sees the convention as the focus of 1983's peace activities. END is more involved with grass-roots peace groups and, in the words of a resolution its co-ordinating committee passed last Friday:

> The Convention is a gathering of people from the European peace movements but not a policy making, leadership or co-ordinating body.

Such differences in Britain are likely to be less important than those in West Germany, where the Communist Party has already, along with some other groups, decided to have nothing to do with the convention. □

WALES

Twenty years on

Tony Heath examines the Welsh Language Society

TO MANY OUTSIDE WALES, those who campaign for the Welsh language seem a quaint survival, blending mistily with lofty mountains, the rugby field and massed choirs. At its inception in 1962, the Welsh Language Society (*Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg*) did little to dispel this notion – its goals being simply to instate the first language of one in five of the population on road signs, official forms, cheque books and summonses. Much of that was achieved, but the window dressing concealed the fact that the economy and social condition of Wales still deteriorated.

20 years later, however, *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg* has published a political manifesto revealing how cultural nationalism has been radicalised through its dealings with the British State. Take, for example, the confrontation over a Welsh television channel. The Society began pushing for this in the early 1970s and, during the following decade, more than 100 members spent time behind bars for their part in the campaign. Several activists were jailed for nine months for 'conspiring to damage broadcasting equipment', and scores were committed for contempt of court and refusing to pay fines. These abrasive confrontations profoundly affected the Society and shook traditional nationalism out of a narrow rut.

The Society's chairperson, Ms Angharad Tomos, has been inside several times. Locked up in Risley Remand Centre for non-payment of fines, she was called Taffy and recalls, 'When the screws wished to tease they would sing "We'll Keep a Welcome." Going to prison did not deter me. In fact, it has given me an insight into other injustices in society.'

Onlookers as well as activists have been radicalised. One local councillor, a pillar of his community, remembers standing outside the magistrates' court at the end of a lengthy hearing when more than 20 Society members were fined for the mass occupation of second homes at Rhyd – a Snowdonia village where fewer than one house in three is permanently lived in. Some appeared to be ejected by police with more vigour than was necessary; today, nearly five years after the event, the councillor recalls every detail of stumble and torn clothes. 'It turned me,' he says.

The Society's new manifesto upstages a number of proposals propounded by conventional radicals. With the Welsh language under pressure, it demands that local coun-

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cils take into account the linguistic profile of their areas before rushing into planning decisions. Housing is a crucial test. Uncontrolled private development of districts like the notorious 'Costa Geriatrica' – the north Wales coastal belt – threatens to overwhelm public services as the bourgeoisie retires to bungalow-land in ever growing numbers, throwing great strain on social workers and the NHS. It also weakens the language.

The spread of second homes, lived in for only a few months a year, leads to rural decay as the village school and shop close and the telephone kiosk is uprooted. The language suffers too. The Society maintains that councils should be given extra government cash to buy up empty houses and let them to families on the waiting list. Since many members suffer the unremitting attention of the police, the Society has also an abiding interest in powers of the guardians of law and order. Their experience parallels that of other minorities.

There is identification with the Left in other ways. The Society, like the handful of MPs who opposed Mrs Thatcher's South Atlantic adventure, is scornful of the media's treatment of a war in which many Welshmen were incinerated at Bluff Cove. 'There is growing evidence of the prejudice of radio and television,' the manifesto believes, echoing the findings of the Glasgow Media Group.

With 2,000-plus members and a full-time staff operating from a cramped basement in Aberystwyth – premises visited from time to time by officers from the local nick just across the road – the Society defies exact definition. In the sense accepted by British parties, it is not a political party. It stands close to the Labour Left, minus any centralist tendencies. Most supporters vote Plaid Cymru, but are fiercely critical of the paternalism that dogs Welsh nationalism.

The Society's one-issue image is fading, and criticism of the *crachach* (an impressive Welsh word meaning scab – but outside the industrial context) who makes it by joining the establishment is growing. To crew the ship of a servile Wales in tow to the Battleship Britannia invites increasing contempt. The story of Wayne Williams, a man with an unchallenged reputation as a teacher of the Welsh language, is illuminating. A former chairman of the Society, he served six months in Swansea Prison last year for conspiring to damage television installations. On release, his employers – Powys local education authority – gave him a 12-month contract to return to Llanidloes High School. It expires at the end of the year and the school's governors have decided not to renew it. Until comparatively recently, involvement in *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg* was merely a matter of speaking Welsh. Williams' treatment is the latest in a string that has forced the members to extend their concerns.

Plaid Cymru's old guard has its John Goldings and Frank Chapples. They tried to prevent the radical young MP Dafydd Elis Thomas from addressing meetings of the Society on the eve of a show trial at Carmarthen when its leaders were charged with conspiracy. It would lose the party support, they claimed. Thomas was not dissuaded, but years later he is still criticised for breaking ranks.

What must be remembered, though, is that the Welsh fourth television channel (inaugurated, finally, last November) was not the single-handed work of the Archbishop of Wales – not even the result of Gwnfor Evans's well-trailed threat to starve himself to death. The reality is that more than 2,000 people had refused to renew their TV licences, and that *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg* was disrupting broadcasts on an unprecedented scale. The *crachach* has been rumbled in Wales. When will its equivalent in the rest of Britain be unmasked? □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Little Brett went to a Commons children's party a couple of years back and told the Prime Minister he didn't like the dubious offering of beans and sausages. She immediately rustled up a plateful of jelly and cakes. When Brett was asked if he wanted to go to the party again this year he made one condition: 'Only if that nice dinner lady is going to be there.' – *Sunday People* (G. Moor)

☐ Copies of the *Beano* sent by a Leeds girl to her East German pen friend have been confiscated as 'subversive' by Communist customs. – *Daily Star* (G. Moor)

☐ A thief who stole washing valued at more than £50 from a clothes line found that his haul was still wet. So he broke into a nearby house in Mayfield Avenue, Carlisle, and stole a spin drier. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

We believe the siting of cruise missiles in Britain increases the risk of a massive nuclear strike on London.

Join us. Add your name to the petition of protest in County Hall.

Once cruise missiles are sited at Greenham Common, near Newbury and Molesworth, near Huntingdon; these two areas may be considered to be prime target areas for a possible nuclear attack.

Since Government statements suggest that the missiles could be moved from between 50 to 100 miles prior to launching, the potential target area for nuclear attack extends to most of Southern and Central Britain, including London.

12th December 1982 was the third anniversary of the decision to site American Cruise missiles in Britain. The GLC's aims to make London a nuclear-free zone have been highlighted by a Petition of Protest to Her Majesty's Government demanding the reversal of that decision.

All concerned Londoners are invited to add their names to the protest and to sign the Petition which is near the Visitors' Entrance in the main reception area of County Hall.

Show your concern, please, for your future, your children's future and London's future. Sign.

London as a Nuclear-Free Zone

The overall purpose of the Nuclear Free Zone is to secure freedom for Londoners from the threat of nuclear harm from whatever source. The primary demands of the Nuclear Free Zone are:

1. That no nuclear weapons should be manufactured or sited in the London area
2. That no nuclear weapons or nuclear materials for military use should be transported through or over the London area
3. That no nuclear materials should be transported through London without specific authorisation from the GLC
4. That no further nuclear reactors should be sited in London
5. That existing statutory obligations on local authorities to provide civil defence should be removed.

Make London Nuclear Free

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DIARY

Christopher Price

It's an occupational hazard of the weekly diarist for some sea change 'twixt typewriter and publication to invalidate your tale before the ink is dry. Last week I wrote of Tim Raison at the Home Office; for Raison now read Waddington-Mellor. It's a tribute to Whitelaw's continuing influence that when Raison had to go as a vicarious scapegoat for the immigration impasse, he managed to get two junior ministers for the price of one. The senior partner, David Waddington, is to take over both immigration and data protection, as well as being something of a Thatcher spy. A hard-right northern lawyer, he's bad news for anyone awaiting deportation. David Mellor, at 33, is the baby of that tiny group of four 'new boys' whom the Prime Minister has admitted to ministerial status and he is still rather bewildered by it all. For the time being he's a rag-bag minister, with broadcasting, drugs, animals, alcohol, fire and probation, but he'll no doubt mainly be used as late-night ministerial committee fodder. Willie foolishly agreed to serve on the Police Bill committee and already looks ground down by the tedium of it all. Mellor should ease the strain.

○

Just before the Prime Minister declares war on Denmark, a few facts in danger of being drowned. No. 1: we're defending a rotten agreement; the House of Commons until recently had been insisting on a 50-mile 'zone of dominant preference' and Peter Walker surrendered it in Brussels. No 2: Captain Kirk is an improbable popular hero. He represents a tiny Danish Tory party, which, by allying with our lot in Strasbourg, legitimises it as a Euro-party to the extent of getting £2.1m for the coming elections. No. 3: we're in this mess because, unlike the Danes, we didn't retain to our sovereign Parliament in 1972 the right to block new EEC law. So community law on the issue is now quite chaotic. Probably Kirk is right and anyone has the right to fish up to the three-mile limit – as they could when we joined the club. Certainly that's what the Prime Minister was telling us last month. But now she's fudging. 'We need to distinguish between legal theory and the actual legal situation', she teeters in a letter to Norman Buchan, citing Annexe VII of the 'Hague Agreement' as the basis for our right to arrest Kirk. Annexe VII has never been published and is rumoured to be mostly about Irish fishing villages. So the EEC is not just collapsing politically; with its 'law' now resting on the caprice of an irrelevant, unpublished annexe, it can't be long before the whole edifice crumbles.

○

I see six million fewer Britons watched TV this Christmas; I was one perforce. When the house was done over for the third time this year and the portable telly recycled again on to the second-hand market, abstention seemed a sensible solution. I knew it wouldn't last though. I wanted it back for the darts and Keith Dellar's ice-cool victory on Saturday came over a treat on the vast, ancient, fourth-hand cheapie I've bought, which will need three strong thieves to remove. On Sunday, still childishly addicted to it, I was able to compare BBC and ITN on The Triumphant Progress in the Falklands. At least ITN gave a sentence or two to Argentine objections, the odd analytical phrase in the commentary and a snatch of Stanley Clinton Davies. BBC was just pure, undigested idolatry, topped off with a Jan Leeming anti-Argentine sneer. Such fawning from Auntie is a real achievement on the Prime Minister's part; the Corporation is now in full flight, running scared from its charter.

○

My other piece of weekend viewing was a compulsive confrontation between an uncertain Dr Owen and the SDP's biographer, the editor of the *NS*. We got lashings of fudge from the good Doctor. 'Social democracy, socialism, democratic socialism?' All much the same, he felt, when accused of bowdlerising his own book. I picked up a strong smell that the 'old' politics is alive and well in the SDP. So have the Liberals from Dick Taverne, trying to slip back into Dulwich after his by-election defeat at Peckham, just as he himself was slipped into Lincoln 20 years ago as the 'reliable' candidate of the 'Campaign for Democratic Socialism'. Dr Owen almost implied that if this formulation had not been patented by the Left, he'd have used it instead of 'Social Democrat'.

ROGER WODDIS

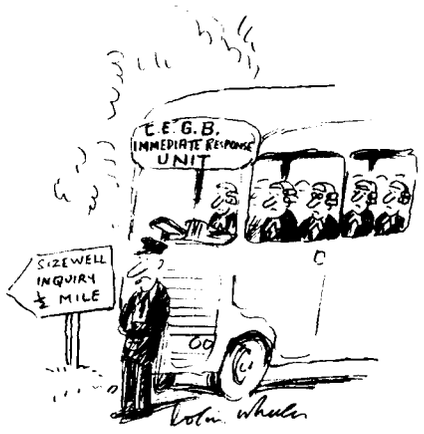
No job for the General

Maj-Gen. Sir Jeremy Moore, 54-year-old commander of the British Land Forces in the Falklands, is reported to have been unemployed since leaving the Army and to be thinking of claiming unemployment benefit.

Of course I admire the Lady,
There's no one I rate more than her;
She gave us the will to conquer,
And afterwards made me a Sir,
Though having a decent income
Is what I would really prefer.

I thought if I joined the City
They'd offer a suitable wage,
And think me, in view of my record,
A man they'd be glad to engage;
But, somewhat to my amazement,
They laughed when I told them my age.

To cover himself with glory
A soldier has need of a goal,
And though I foresee no future
In playing a military role,
I'm fired with the hope of joining
The army that queues for the dole.



○

Now that Forest Hill, where I live, is firmly entrenched in the South London crime belt, I must get this insurance thing together. I confidently predicted to my insurance company that I had nothing worth more than £200 in the house, and then discovered that the gold medal, presented to me for my brief EuroParliament sabbatical in 1977, had become worth nearly £3,000. It was no doubt melted down over Christmas. How sensible those of my colleagues were who went out and sold theirs as soon as they got them.

○

Having spent last week bashing ex-Tory councillor quango bosses, here's a guarded welcome for one. Ian Hay Davison, senior partner of Arthur Andersen in Britain, is off to clean up Lloyd's. (Sensibly, some might feel, since Andersens have recently gone down for £83m in New York for their Hoffman/Fund of Funds tie-up in the '60s; like me, they were under-insured, and every partner is personally liable. That £120,000 salary could come in useful.) Ian is not only a cultured fellow, but a hard man, if Charles Raw's preview in the *Sunday Times* is anything to go by. It seems that Lloyd's members are going to have to disclose all their insurance and reinsurance interests, not just to Davison but to us all. It will be a joyful sight. The Tory benches are littered with Lloyd's underwriters (Labour has just the one – Bill Whitlock of Nottingham North), and if Davison is successful, he will achieve what our own Register of Members Interests never got near to. I shall watch him with benevolent care in his new role as dirty-linen launderer to the stockbroker belt.

○

A second anniversary service of remembrance is to be held on Sunday for the 13 black youngsters who died in the New Cross fire. The relatives are still angry about what they see as a determination by the police to implicate some of the surviving youngsters in it. One of them, picked up on quite unrelated charges, has been repeatedly interrogated about it since, with the suggestions that he was involved in a fight. Now suddenly, the police have admitted there *is* a missing witness, identified from a photograph taken at the party, who left for the US immediately after the fire. They 'can't say' whether they'll go there to interview him. I think they should.

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Rabbi David Goldberg

Israel after the flood

The Israeli magazine *New Outlook* owes its genesis to Martin Buber. Buber's concept of dialogue is a cornerstone of the magazine's approach to the Arab-Israeli conflict and its belief that peace is consistent with the national interests of Jew and Arab alike.

With an influence disproportionate to its circulation, stodgily produced, interspersing tracts of earnest analysis with articles of lasting value (not for nothing is it often compared to the *New Statesman*), *New Outlook* regularly entices onto its pages contributors of the calibre of Willy Brandt, Yitzhak Rabin, Abba Eban and Issam Satawi and, in the past, Jean-Paul Sartre, Nahum Goldmann, Moshe Dayan and Mendes-France. Anwar Sadat sent greetings to its 20th Anniversary Symposium, as well as inviting a delegation from the magazine to meet him on his visit to Jerusalem in 1977. Its Editorial Board is a roster of distinguised names from the centre to left of Israeli public life.

Last month, *New Outlook* held a conference to launch its somewhat grandiosely titled International Centre for Peace in the Middle East. The launch had been due to take place in Paris last June, with Willy Brandt, Nahum Goldmann, Mendes-France and Simone Weil as major speakers, but the war in Lebanon put paid to that idea. Instead, and in more appropriately muted mood, the Conference was organised in Tel-Aviv. There were no international statesmen – only eulogies, alas, to the memories of Goldmann and Mendes-France – but a solid delegation of Israeli politicians led by Abba Eban, of Arab notables and Jewish intellectuals from America and Europe.

The opening sessions were depressing. In Israel itself, Begin is still firmly in control, moderates are in despair and there is a simmering hostility between Ashkenazim and Sephardim, which the Likud party manipulates to its own advantage. Decent, honourable speeches from the podium articulated values which are currently derided, causing Schulamit Aloni to exclaim in exasperation that a revolution was required to bring Israel to its senses. Arieh 'Lova' Eliav, one of the most dove-ish men in Israeli politics, and reputedly the person negotiating the exchange of captured Israeli and PLO soldiers, put it differently. 'We are like survivors after a flood, waving to each other from mountain tops. Ah, look, there's a peace group from America, and there's another from Europe.'

INFORMAL CONVERSATIONS with delegates were no more reassuring. The Alignment opposition is transfixed by the rivalry between Peres and Rabin, and plaintively mouths formulae for the future of the West Bank. These involve qualified acceptance of President Reagan's proposals and retention of anything between 25 per cent to 45 per cent of the land, but no negotiations with the PLO and no Palestinian state – all of this designed to persuade a sceptical public which has, as an alternative, Mr Begin's beautifully simple plan of keeping the lot. Unpopular with the electorate, the opposition is hoping to manoeuvre its way to power once the report of the Commission of Enquiry into the Lebanon massacres is published and puts strains on the Government coalition. The recent change of government in West Germany is cited as an encouragement.

Diaspora representatives confirmed my impression from this country that world Jewry, unhappy about the war in Lebanon and shocked by the camp massacres, had since been herded back into line behind the Begin government by the scare of anti-semitism. The basic contempt in which Mr Begin holds diaspora opinion had been demonstrated earlier that week, when the rabbinic leader of American Jewry (a man whose dubious epitaph will be that he made Begin respectable in America after his 1977 election victory) was brusquely shown the door by the prime minister for supporting the Reagan plan.

It took an evening devoted to the memory of Mendes-France to lift the mood of depression. Organised by the large French contingent, including his widow, the Minister of Justice and two deputies, it was not a mournful occasion, but a celebration of those qualities which had made Mendes-France a uniquely revered elder statesman. Suddenly, the virtues of compromise and mutual respect between enemies no longer seemed to be forlorn, unattainable ideals.

From then on, the conference picked up. Instead of platitudes there were realistic appraisals and an awareness, after listening to Mayor Elias Friej of Bethlehem and other West Bank speakers, that the situation there is as close to *de facto* annexation as it possibly could be; even the perennially optimistic Abba Eban concedes that the next year will be crucial in determining whether or not Israel can be extricated from the West Bank. Its future as a democratic society depends upon which ideology, that of territorial maximalism or that of territorial compromise, prevails.

LIKUD ISRAEL IS reactionary, bragging and jingoistic. Even among Likud supporters, though, there has been a significant change in the semantics of the debate about Israel and her Arab neighbours. The key issue is no longer security, but the rights of the Palestinians. How much or how little do you grant to a people living on land that you covet, especially when one unlooked-for result of the war in Lebanon was to expose your claim that this people presents a permanent, brooding threat to your existence? The implications of such a question are so embarrassing for any country in the post-colonial world which hopes to retain its status among the nations, that they have to be hidden behind the rhetoric of biblical promises, Arab intransigence and Holocaust memories; those who have suffered, the gullible, the religiously atavistic, the territorially ambitious, are willing to buy the package. It is all part, as Professor Edward Said wrote in a moving article about the Palestinians in these pages (*NS* 17/24 December 1982) of 'the ingrained Israeli habit of supplanting reality with fantasy.'

No doubt he would also agree that Arab nations, and particularly Palestinian repre-

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sentatives, have not exactly been devoid of the habit either. Indeed, the facility of both Palestinian and Jew for emotional hyperbole, lurid language and tiresome self-righteousness has been one of the major stumbling blocks to both peoples seeing each other as they really are, not as it suits their respective mythologies. Judged by the *New Outlook* conference, a significant and influential body of Israelis is still determined to achieve dialogue based on mutual recognition, self-determination and partition of the land. They deserve support, as much for the future of Israel as for that of the Palestinians. □

Rabbi David J. Goldberg is Minister of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, London.

INDIA

Keep it in the family

David Selbourne considers the 'increasing volatility and chronic disorder' of India under Mrs Gandhi

Camera Press

Indira Gandhi: at the head of a deferential but dangerously unreliable hierarchy

IN BRITAIN, the myth of India's stability (and of Mrs Gandhi's virtues) dies hard. A combination of illusions about the viability of the institutions inherited from the Raj, nostalgia for the largely imaginary special British relationship with the Nehrus, and the usual occidental fantasies about the timeless orient has given us a portrait of India based more on wishful thinking than insight.

In fact, increasing volatility and chronic disorder, not stasis and inertia, have been the leading features of federal India's political history since independence. That Mrs Gandhi's Congress Party, only three years after her return to power, has just come a decisive cropper in assembly elections in three states, and been overwhelmed in one of its most secure fiefdoms, Andhra Pradesh, by an upstart regional opposition, is par for the course.

Mrs Gandhi has even been worsted in Medak, one of the poorest rural areas of Andhra, and which she chose for herself as the safest of all parliamentary constituencies in the January 1980 general election. In those heady days of comeback, I watched it deliver her a landslide majority of over 215,000. Last week, even the new party of her ex-model daughter-in-law Maneka, Sanjay's widow, took a local assembly seat from her in her own backyard.

More discouraging for Mrs Gandhi is that, since the late 1960s, three years have been about the limit for the survival of every euphoria and brave new beginning. In 1971, she was riding high on electoral victory, the Boadicea of the Bangladesh war. By 1974, expectation had evaporated and, in the following spring, J. P. Narayan's crusade against corruption was at the gates of Delhi. Mrs Gandhi's 1975 Emergency, with its mass arrests and promotion of son Sanjay as redeemer-in-waiting, saved her throne, but savaged the rule of law and constitution. Yet this phase of draconian rule survived only until 1977, while the successor Janata Government had, in turn, been swept away by January 1980.

Last week's Congress disaster in Andhra – completed with the Janata conquest of Karnataka and the expected victory of the Marxists in Tripura – was thus on schedule. But these are not quite the electorial swings and roundabouts of the Western liberal democratic order. Rather, the Westminster model 'we' left behind has proved no match for the court battles and medieval intrigues of India's deepening regression. Indeed, the whole inherited political system has arguably been decomposing for a decade, or longer.

With its demoralised and corrupted administrative cadre, its by-passed cabinet and parliament and its army of placemen, political Delhi is an Augean stable. Commentators and even the politicians themselves openly acknowledge that India has become what it always was before – and even after – the Raj got its hands on it: a Moghul-style polity, now organised around personal fealty to Mrs Gandhi. And where state Chief Ministers in Nehru's day were often men of independence and distinction, Mrs Gandhi is at the apex of a deferential but dangerously unreliable hierarchy of warring provincial satraps and retainers, whose political lives depend on her dispensation. Andhra alone has had four Congress administrations since 1980.

Indeed, the best measure of the speeded-up degeneration of the 'world's largest democracy' is the bizarre but serious battle over the dynastic succession being fought out in Mrs Gandhi's own family. A few weeks ago, it seemed little more than Bombay soap-opera. It is now a real additional threat to her survival. For her late son Sanjay's legacy of dozens of loyalists in the national parliament, and his thuggish leadership of India's political underworld – which the Shah Commission revealed to have been fostered by Mrs Gandhi – is passing into the hands of Sanjay's young widow. It is this which will rob Mrs Gandhi's lack-lustre elder son (and chosen political heir), Rajiv, of the street-muscle which he will need when, or if, he comes to power.

Moreover, by beginning to arouse her late husband's dormant constituency of urban youth in search of a lost leader – with calls to 'wake to the needs of the hour' and 'rise against corruption' – Maneka Gandhi is doing more than get in Rajiv's way. She is threatening Mrs Gandhi precisely where political decomposition has made her most vulnerable with her followers: in her capacity to deliver India, and them, to the protection of an hereditary successor of her own choosing.

Yet even before the turn of the three-year tide against her, and the latest upsurge of regional and breakaway political forces – growing in strength from one end of India to the other – the quicksand dangers to Mrs Gandhi and the country of the concentration of power in her hands was becoming plainer. (The Hobbesian sword is two-edged, and easy to cut your own throat with.) For the Andhra election alone, there were no fewer than 8,000 rival Congress aspirants suing Mrs Gandhi personally for a 'ticket', or constituency nomination, many of them physically waiting in Delhi for her nod of approval.

In fact, every party candidacy has been in her personal gift since her return in 1980. As a result, the 'India Congress' has become a

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battleground of factional infighting closer to gang warfare, of competitive loyalism and (latterly) growing rebellion. Now, with the prospect of further state election defeats facing Mrs Gandhi, deference to her power will become more guarded and calculating, behind the obeisance and surrender, than it already is. Each setback will bring new defections.

There had been talk in Delhi, only a few weeks ago, both of internal Congress Party elections – there have been none since 1969 – and of a 1983 mid-term general election, to help Mrs Gandhi restore her grip on party and country and legitimize her son's succession. Both now seem unlikely. But though time may be running out for Mrs Gandhi, with no all-India political alternative to her (except for the army), it is also running out for the country. Whichever way you look at it, India is in a political shambles. □

David Selbourne's Through the Indian Looking-Glass *was recently published by Zed Press.*

WEST GERMANY

Jobs for the Greens

Tony Catterall previews the ecologists' conference

JUST SEVEN WEEKS before a federal election that is no less important for West Germany's Greens than for the country, the party is attempting this weekend to adopt a policy on the electorate's most pressing concern: unemployment. More than 2.2 million people – 9.1 per cent of the workforce – have no job, in a country which once had to import labour.

It is widely believed that the Greens' failure to agree on an economic policy at their annual conference in November contributed to the party's recent slide in the public opinion polls. The first to be published in the New Year gave the Greens only just over the minimum 5 per cent needed to get parliamentary representation. (It did not help that news reports portrayed the conference as a gathering of chaotics, rather than of people more committed to informed grass-roots decision-making than to having policies for the sake of having policies.)

However, the paper produced by the party's working group on the economy, which will form the basis for discussion, is not designed to appeal to German burghers who want a return to the pre-oil-shock days of the 'economic miracle'. Its point of departure is that the world economic crisis is inextricably tied to the world ecological crisis. To 'cure' unemployment by growth will only postpone the ultimate catastrophe.

According to the paper, West Germany would need an annual growth rate of 6 per cent to restore anything like full employment. Production would need to double in little over ten years, requiring the consumption of twice the amount of concrete, twice as many cars, home appliances and the rest. 'One only needs common sense to see that this is not possible, and cannot be allowed to happen,' the working group says. New 'growth industries' are likewise rejected as an option, because the necessary tax incentives and subsidies would 'only redistribute wealth in favour of private profits'.

For the immediate future, the paper recommends: a 35-hour week, with no more than five hours' overtime legally available per week; six weeks' annual leave for all, regardless of occupation or status; the encouragement of part-time work with legal protection of earning power (which would facilitate work-sharing in the home); flexibility in the retirement age, allowing for early retirement without making it compulsory. None of these would make any western socialist party uncomfortable. But in its longer-term solutions to the dual crisis, the working party moves into syndicalism, on the grounds that economics is not a specialised field but is integrated into the demands for an expansion of democratic rights.

As well as proposing increased investment in such socially desirable things as public transport and housing and alternative energy systems to replace the nuclear industry, the paper contends that producers and consumers must have the power directly to control their economic activities and social obligations. As well as workers' control of industry – as opposed to simply 'the known forms of nationalisation' – political power is to be decentralised so that decisions on infrastructure and regional planning can be taken by the people immediately concerned.

Partly because of and partly despite the utopian flavour, the paper will face opposition from two of the more identifiable elements within the Greens: those that East German exile and present Green Federal Executive member Rudolf Bahro calls the radical wing; and those whose early political background was with the left wing of the Social Democratic Party or communist groups. This group is likely to argue there is not enough immediate hope for the jobless; that more emphasis should be placed on such things as state subsidies for environmental-protection equipment which can provide jobs quickly while helping to clean up and control the present pollution.

As Bahro said at the November conference, and earlier in a speech to the British Ecology Party (reprinted *NS* 17/24 December 1982), he and his co-thinkers reject such reasoning. For them, the world must be de-industrialised, starting now. It is a viewpoint attractive to many in the Greens, but the voting pattern for office-bearers in November indicated that the 'left' is – for the moment at least – in the majority.

The importance of all this is that if the Green vote holds up in the March election, the party could hold the balance of power in the Bonn parliament. Even the thought of it is forcing the SPD to look again at the left-wing policies kept in the bottom drawer during Helmut Schmidt's eight years as Chancellor. □

POLICING BY COERCION

A CONFERENCE ON THE POLICE AND CRIMINAL EVIDENCE BILL

The Police and Criminal Evidence Bill is an attack on civil liberties by:

1. Extending police powers to stop and search and permitting them to set up random roadblocks for indefinite periods.
2. Introducing new powers to search people's homes and the files of doctors, social workers and probation officers.
3. Allowing the police to arrest people for minor offences, such as littering and to fingerprint compulsorily people with criminal convictions at any time.
4. Permitting detention without charge for up to 4 days, for questioning.
5. Allowing the police to delay legal advice and representation for as long as 48 hours of detention.

To discuss and consider what the Bill means for Londoners The GLC Police Committee has called a conference at County Hall, London SE1 on Saturday, 22nd January 9.30 am to 5.00 pm.

Chairperson: PAUL BOATENG, Chair of the GLC Police Committee.

Speakers: PAUL CRANE · PADDY HILLYARD · DARCUS HOWE · GARETH PEARCE

WORKING GROUPS:

Police Powers: Stop and Search, Arrest, Roadblocks, Treatment of Suspects, Fingerprinting, Search Warrants.

Accountability: Complaints Procedure, Consultation.

Changing Police Strategies, Tactics and Techniques.

Campaigning Against The Bill:
In Parliament, In The Media, In The Communities After A New Law Is Passed.

If you would like further information please contact the GLC POLICE COMMITTEE SUPPORT UNIT, COUNTY HALL, LONDON SE1 7PB (TEL: 01-633 5944).

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FOOD/DRINK

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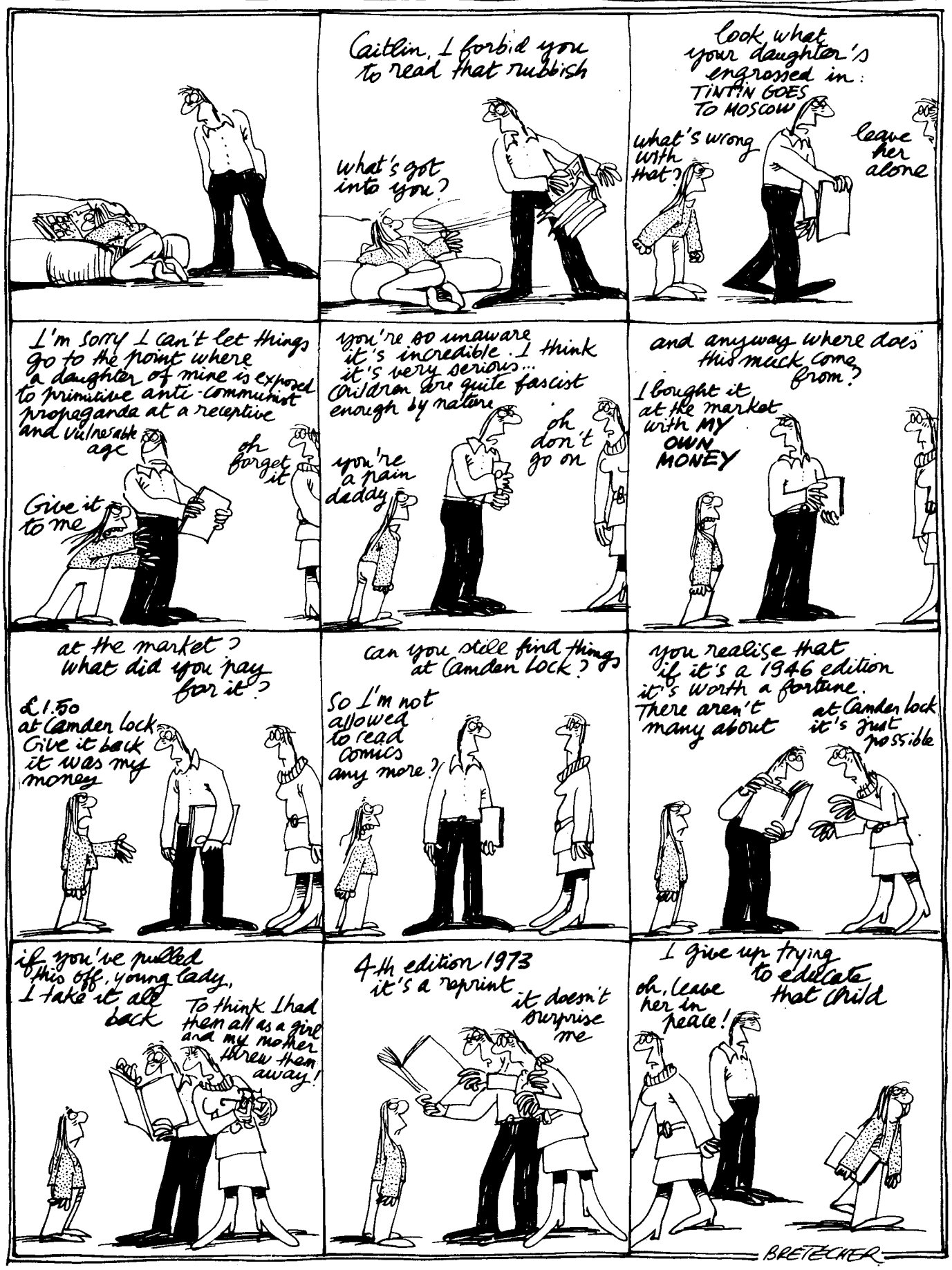
BRETECHER

ODE TO TINTIN


Caitlin, I forbid you to read that rubbish
what's got into you?
look what your daughter's engrossed in: TINTIN GOES TO MOSCOW
what's wrong with that?
leave her alone
I'm sorry I can't let things go to the point where a daughter of mine is exposed to primitive anti-communist propaganda at a receptive and vulnerable age
Give it to me
oh forget it
you're so unaware it's incredible. I think it's very serious... children are quite fascist enough by nature
you're a pain daddy
oh don't go on
and anyway where does this muck come from?
I bought it at the market with MY OWN MONEY
at the market? what did you pay for it?
£1.50 at Camden lock Give it back it was my money
can you still find things at Camden lock?
So I'm not allowed to read comics any more?
you realise that if it's a 1946 edition it's worth a fortune. There aren't many about
at Camden lock it's just possible
if you've pulled this off, young lady, I take it all back
To think I had them all as a girl and my mother threw them away!
4th edition 1973 it's a reprint
it doesn't surprise me
I give up trying to educate that child
oh, leave her in peace!
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

High Priest of Ptah?

Frankie Cole, London SW1

Jules Lubbock used a single column of your fat Christmas issue to review the work of the Memphis design studio in Milan (currently exhibited at the Boilerhouse in the V&A). Given that token amount of space to write on a subject which affects us all – namely 'Design' – I wonder why you bother with such a column at all.

Since you do bother, it is saddening that Mr Lubbock couldn't put the space to more constructive use in his appraisal of the work of Ettore Sottsass and colleagues. In his first paragraph Mr Lubbock dismisses Sottsass as 'a cult figure in the Sixties when he designed typewriters for Olivetti'. Sottsass still designs for Olivetti. The paragraph goes on to say that Sottsass is now 'born-again as High Priest of a pop-style Ptah'. This facetiousness misrepresents Sottsass's current work, which is a personal and intuitive (not rational) expression of at least 25 years of exploration in design, part of a continuing process which might become – perhaps this year, perhaps next – a different set of forms and colours. Sottsass has designed buildings, interiors, domestic and industrial machinery, office furniture and systems, ceramics, jewellery and glass. He has also designed 'rafts for listening to chamber music while floating down the Brahmaputra'. He is a man who loves the tribal myths and rituals of our cultures, and who cares about the 'humanity' of our being.

Mr Lubbock's second paragraph reflects a common preoccupation: 'So the autonomous designer becomes manufacturer.' At the Boilerhouse on 7 December the same remark was aimed accusingly at Sottsass. He replied: 'So what?'

Mr Lubbock reports that his children, on seeing Sottsass's designs, wanted to 'make the things themselves from old furniture and pots of paint. This is not exactly what Sottsass or his sponsor . . . have in mind'. Why not? Do boat designers worry that children float across living-room floors in improvised cardboard boxes?

It is a shame that Mr Lubbock finds no joy in Memphis. I wish him a peaceful 1983 behind the predigested forms of Habitat.

Greenham's uncommon women

Judith Cook, Sheepy Magna, nr Atherstone, Warks.

It hardly seems possible to open a paper at the moment without seeing a letter from Nicolas Walter complaining about the all-women demonstration at Greenham Common (*NS* 7 Jan.).

I am one of those he mentions – a protestor for 20 years who did the Aldermarston marches, took part in some of the events he describes and more. I went to the USA straight from the 1962 Aldermaston march to the United Nations and Washington and later (with the threat of expulsion from the Labour Party) to the Peace Conference in Moscow. Most of the activities in which I participated were for both sexes.

I have also been less than enthusiastic about some of the well publicised causes espoused recently by feminists. From the recession-torn midlands with its crumbling hospitals, decaying schools, poverty and unemployment they have seemed to me to be the *preoccupations de luxe* of a London-based middle class.

However, Greenham Common was different. It was different from any other peace protest in which I have taken part. As a woman doctor said to me afterwards, it was if an enormous benign force was released from that huge chain that day, a truly positive affirmation of life. There were no mindless slogans, no chanting 'Maggie out'; there was no aggression.

I shall continue to support mixed anti-nuclear demonstrations. I shall also support those for women only. Nicolas Walter exposes the archtypal paternalistic approach when he tells us to 'face facts and grow up'. This is the same attitude exactly as those male generals and negotiators we oppose. There is no 'right' way of fighting the anti-nuclear battle – there are many, equally valid paths. Divisive intolerance of the kind shown by Mr Walter is not one of them.

The Falklands war

Anthony Barnett, London WC2

I am happy that Frank Kane finds *Iron Britannia* to be a 'lucid polemic' (*NS* 7 Jan.) Perhaps my efforts were not lucid enough. Admittedly he 'extrapolates' a couple of my points, but he does so in a way that leads me to protest.

Should the British response to the Falklands be described as 'incipient fascism'? I doubt it. More important Kane suggests:

> Barnett's logic is perversely inescapable: Britain's long term interests would have been best served by the military defeat of the Task Force.

This would have led, Kane goes on, to the collapse of the Thatcher government. But again this is not my argument, and I am not convinced that such an outcome would have meant the *political* downfall of Thatcherism. Military defeats burn deeper than victories. The only certainty is that the physical destruction of the Task Force would have meant success for the actual 'fascists' involved – the Argentinian Junta. Logically it remains quite possible to be completely opposed to the dispatch of the Task Force without advocating that it should have been sunk.

Tribune

Sheila Noble, Tribune, London WC1

What is the *New Statesman* playing at? Two weeks ago you published a lengthy letter from Carl James making all sorts of inaccurate assertions about *Tribune*. The letter omitted to mention either that Mr James was an unsuccessful candidate for the editorship or that he was one of those advising John Silkin in his take-over bid.

Last week you published an article by Francis Beckett making many more damaging and inaccurate assertions about *Tribune*, once again omitting to mention that Mr Beckett had been an unsuccessful applicant for the editor's job. What is more, although he was obviously in touch with Mr Silkin, he did not have the courtesy to check any of his facts with us, even though he works in an office in the same building as *Tribune*'s.

Surely you can find someone to write about *Tribune* who doesn't have a vested interest. And if you are so hard up that you can't, perhaps you could at least persuade your correspondents to declare their interest before slanging us off so that your readers can place their views in an appropriate context.

Anthony Arblaster, Sheffield

As a former *Tribune* journalist, I was sorry to see the *NS* printing such an uncomradely comment on the paper's current struggle as Francis Beckett's article, particularly in view of the *Statesman's* own not entirely dissimilar troubles earlier last year. I would like to make two comments.

The first is that Beckett nowhere mentions the curious but all too significant fact that John Silkin has never shown any special concern for the fate or plight of *Tribune* in the past. If he only wished to save the paper from bankruptcy, a simple course is open to him: to act as a fundraiser, without meddling with the conduct and policies of the paper. That is not the course he has chosen to pursue.

Then to say, as Beckett did, that the freedom of the press is not at stake, is disingenuous to say the least. Even if it were true that it was a choice between editorial freedom and shareholders' interference, the former is clearly closer to what is usually meant by press freedom. But it is perfectly clear that Chris Mullin enjoys the strong support of *Tribune's* staff, and they quite rightly see that the paper's usual independence, and the established participation of staff representatives in the running of the paper, are being threatened by Silkin's intervention. Thus a small but important area of press freedom *is* being threatened, and it is a pity that your report fails to undestand this.

Sex and social change

Jeff Nuttall, Todmorden, Lancs.

In Jon Cook's article 'Sex and socialism' (*NS* 7 Jan.) there is a major error that needs pointing out. His statement that 'major movements of social change have not been led by groups which have given a high priority to the enhancement of sexual pleasure' is untrue.

The militant upheaval that culminated in the student riots of 1968 was largely initiated by artists and Freudian psychologists (Marcuse, Brown, Leary, Alpert, Laing, Cooper, Rubin, Hoffman, Sanders, Kupferberg) to whom the 'enhancement of sexual pleasure' was the main spearhead of liberation. Power structures within lovemaking were seen to be a secondary concern when set against the massive oppression of Judeo-Christian taboos and their consequent neuroses.

In the light of this I would like to say that 'women's demand for access to economic, political and cultural power' should, like anyone else's access to such power, be motivated by a libertarian determination to eroticise economics, politics and culture.

For the record

John Torode, Political & Industrial Leader Writer, Guardian, London EC1

The *New Statesman* reported (12 Feb. 1982) that I was a member of the SDP Working Party on Union Reform as well as being 'Industrial Correspondent' of the *Guardian*. In fact neither statement was true.

On 26 February you carried a letter from me pointing out that I was not and never have been a member of the Group. Indeed I joined the SDP – and so became eligible for Group membership – a few days before your article appeared. I had attended two early meetings of the Group in 1981 as an observer in an effort to clarify my mind about whether to leave the Labour Party.

I informed the SDP that I did not wish to join the Group precisely to avoid the potential conflict of interest between membership of a party policy group and my role as an anonymous leader writer.

Now your gossip column (31 Dec. 1982) repeats the allegation and once again casts doubt upon my professional integrity. I know this is a bore but could you in turn repeat the correction?

I feel particularly aggrieved as the signed (not anonymous) feature I wrote on the SDP White Paper was anything but a eulogy.

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Jules Lubbock

A craze for pepper

Float paper credit, last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch and carry kings.

Civilization and Capitalism, 15th-18th Century: Vol. 1 The Structures of Everyday Life, Vol. 2 The Wheels of Commerce
FERNAND BRAUDEL *Collins* £17.50 & £15

POPE'S REFLECTIONS upon the 'ruling passion' would surely appeal to Braudel for whom credit, in the form of the bill of exchange, is the true begetter of modern capitalism. Borrowed by the Italian merchants of the 12th century from the Islamic *sutfaya*, the bill of exchange made it possible for ships to carry English wool to Florence, gold and silver from the American mines, and spices from Asia. The phenomenal profits, sometimes as high as 400 per cent, on this long distance trade could never have been earned without it, and the process of capital accumulation, and the concentration of wealth in the hands of networks of entrepreneurial merchants moving their money to the most lucrative investments on speculative hunches, would never have begun. Europe would have remained, like China, a continent linked by local markets, served by a subsistence agriculture. Braudel has little time for theories which find the source of capitalism in the spirit of free enterprise, or protestantism, or individualism, or rationalism. His view is as materialistic as the very merchants whom he portrays sitting at their ledgers, speculating in the coffee house near the Amsterdam Exchange, cornering the market in grain and driving up the price of famine, or, like the founder of Guy's Hospital, making his fortune by purchasing the pay-tickets of sailors for ready coin at a discount of 40 per cent.

Braudel has set himself the monumental task of cracking the historical problem of the origins of pre-industrial capitalism raised by Marx and adumbrated so succinctly in the chapter in *Das Kapital* on Primary Accumulation. This debt is acknowledged, and his own book, one volume of which has yet to appear in English translation, is a sustained discussion with Marx, from whom he differs in placing greater emphasis upon long-distance trade prior to colonisation than upon the creation of a dispossessed proletariat, as well as in the encyclopaedic density of historical detail. One should not infer, however, that his account is unitary, simplistic or determinist. What emerges from the scale of his panorama, covering five centuries and the greater part of the globe, as well as from his unusual personal combination of bold generalisation, inveterate scepticism and a marvellous feeling for the living detail of the past, is a sense of how complex

'Merchant Banker': 1688 engraving

were the interactions between highly differentiated social groupings out of which capitalism, not inevitably by any means, emerged.

Unlike Hegel, Braudel does not see the individuals in a society playing into one another's hands and so hanging together in a system. Rather, like Montesquieu, he regards society as a set of sets, a heterogeneous plurality of autonomous institutions, partly in conflict, partly in voluntary and frequently in brutally coercive accommodation with each other. He is at pains to avoid anachronism. The blanket term feudalism is inadequate to describe the late middle ages, divided into five different societies, each with its own hierarchy of classes: feudal and seignorial society, the Church, the emerging but still weak territorial state, the dynamic merchant cities, with their own cultures, customs, fashions of dress and modes of production. It is a scheme in which Chaucer's pilgrims would have been able to recognise themselves.

The very messiness of the imperfect accommodation of these groups to one another, the relative freedom arising from the failure of the élite of any single hierarchy totally to predominate was a major precondition for conflict and change. Whereas China was tightly organised by the mandarins in accordance with the tenets of Confucian morality, and Japan closed its doors to foreign trade for two centuries, the merchants of Venice and Florence in the first instance, and later those of Genoa, Augsburg, Amsterdam and London destabilised the continent of Europe, and later the whole world.

Why was it, nonetheless, that, globally, change has been the exception not the rule? To account for this Braudel argues that there was not only a plurality of social hierarchies, there were also three economies. Dominant among these was the static economy of subsistence agriculture, the cultures of wheat, maize and rice, each with a distinct social character, bound by the harsh equilibrium of food supply and population, which embraced the vast proportion of the world's people. There was the economy of the competitive market and the market town, through which the surpluses of the primary economy were exchanged more for use than for profit.

In neither of these could capital, the precondition for change, be accumulated. That process took place within the economy of the *Fernhändler* (the foreign merchant), the Bardi, the Fuggers, the Dorias and Childs, arising as a division of labour among the town merchants, developing first into the network of international fairs, and then into the system of mighty warehouses and financial exchanges in Amsterdam and London during the 17th and 18th centuries, where monopolies and syndicates could flourish uninhibited by market regulation. 'These great bankers gobble up the poor and humble', observed a Venetian in 16th-century Antwerp. So much for free enterprise! 'Dr Smith, who had never been in trade, could not be expected to write well on that subject, any more than a lawyer on physick', wrote a contemporary critic. Nonetheless, as we know to our cost, economic theories have

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a powerful impact on the course of history and, while Braudel gives us an excellent account of the influence upon the economy of the Church's laws concerning usury, one would have liked more on later economic ideas.

Perhaps the most original aspect of the book is that, unlike Marx, Braudel does not ignore the impact of trade upon consumption. The cavalcade of new life styles and the taste for exotic novelties were revolutionary manifestations in a world where stability was the rule. The Shogun's secretary tells a Spaniard in 1609 that in Japan costumes had not changed for a millennium and condemns Europeans for their levity. Three decades later Japan closed its doors to foreign trade. In England, to cater for luxury, shops proliferated so that by the 18th century foreigners observed that all the houses in London had turned into shops, with large glass windows and tempting displays. Window-shopping was born, and with it the consumer society.

Braudel surveys fashion in food, drink, drugs, furniture and houses, attempting to explain the phenomenon: in monarchies luxury became a means of ruling through an awesome display of wealth; in republics consumption was more discreet – the patricians simply controlled the purse-strings. This is not completely convincing. Braudel himself instances the sumptuary restraint dictated by Philip II of Spain. But very suggestive is the idea that a propensity for innovation among the rich was initiated by the craze for pepper after the 12th century, around which the whole system of international trade and the division of labour developed, and that, once established, it acquired its own momentum. Change became the rule and progress was prized.

But the book does not explain the generation of particular fashions and styles. One suspects that the moral and political reactions of different social groups to rapid socio-economic change played a major role in inflecting fashion. The great English economic debate about the contribution of foreign trade and luxury consumption to national prosperity was vigorously conducted on a moral level, as the quotation from Pope indicates. Some people, as influential as David Hume, believed that luxury could be morally innocent if it were aesthetically refined. How to be a virtuous voluptuary has never ceased to be a moral dilemma for the rich, and good taste in one guise or another has frequently provided the solution. Pope preferred broccoli and mutton to turbot, just as today John Cage believes in the virtue of mushrooms and macrobiotic rice. Pepper itself was condemned for overstimulating the sexual passions. If moral systems exercised by a stable élite could altogether suppress change in China, they could surely direct the course of change in the fluctuating and pluralistic societies of Europe. It is not just that the élite seek to escape the imitation of their inferiors; scorn and contempt for the habits and fashions of class enemies is the norm.

In conclusion, Braudel has provided a new and marvellously stimulating framework within which to consider the issues of culture and society, one which avoids both simplification and over-specialisation. □

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Abjection

IT WAS GOLDSMITH who best defined for me the dilemma that lies at the heart of all human relations – 'Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.' In our personal lives, as in our social organisation, equality is the best guarantee of liberty.

In P. H. Butter's edition of **William Blake: Selected Poems** (*Everyman*, £2.50), even the Manichean myth-maker and radical mystifier's renowned 'Jerusalem', sung by both Tories and Socialists, Women's Institutes and patriotic crowds, can be seen in context as a subversive hymn to free love. The golden bows, fiery chariots, penetrating arrows are frequent images for sexual desire throughout his work. The famous 'dark Satanic mills' are not the factories of the Industrial Revolution so much as the altars of the Church of the England, the oppressive machinery of the false God, old Nobodaddy.

Blake's Albion, peopled with its often confusing and bizarrely christened immortals, like refugees from *The Book of Mormon*, his phantasmagoric London, at once solid and transcendent, with its 'mournful, ever-weeping Paddington' and Wimbledon's 'empurpled hills', is meticulously ordnance-surveyed by Professor Butter.

But it is Blake's insight into the frustrations and aches of adolescence ('The youth shut up from/The lustful joy shall forget to generate and create an amorous image/In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow') or the desperation and paralysis of petrified monogamy ('Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water? . . . Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight . . .') which hit us with their outspoken modernity.

A strikingly parallel image can be found in Richard Holmes's fascinating anthology, **Shelley on Love** (*Anvil*, £3.95), where a devastating couplet summarises marriage as a life-sentence:

> With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
> The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Holmes argues that 'Shelley's conception of love lies at the heart of his radical views of social justice, political liberty and poetry itself'. And his selection from little-known, or long-forgotten, essays impressively documents his case, though it seems to me Shelley's often simplistic equations never quite match the true complexity of adult commitment of one lover to another. I cannot entirely trust a young man who announces 'the act itself is nothing'.

Among the most intriguing of the prose excerpts is Shelley on homosexuality. After pinpointing inequality as the main obstacle to all forms of love throughout the ages, he rather cautiously approaches 'the act itself' when performed between members of the same sex. 'Taken in the grossest sense', he suggests, it is 'indeed sufficiently detestable' though rallying to insist: 'But a person must be blinded by superstition to conceive of it as more horrible than the usual intercourse endured by almost every youth in England with a diseased and insensible prostitute.'

This made me wonder whether the puzzling madman in 'Julian and Maddalo', whose revulsion against sex he regards as embodying some of the poet's own obsessions, might not be reacting to a venereal infection Shelley too had contracted. We know he had a frightening experience with a prostitute (the baleful witch in 'Episychidion' whose 'touch was as electric poison'), possibly in Oxford. And might she not be the same one who gave Keats the clap on his unfortunate visit to that city?

Obscenity Shelley defined as 'associating disgusting images with the act of the sexual instinct'. By this definition, most of the anonymous authors in E. J. Burford's **Bawdy Verse** (*Penguin*, £1.95) would have to plead no contest. Throughout this 400 years' worth of copulatory celebration, the joys are frequently buried under copious detail about anal fistulas and chancred sores, beslobbering ejaculations and vaginal secretions, as the compiler documents what he rather depressingly calls 'the ordinary man's attitude to his womenfolk – the eternal search of his virile member for entrance into the ostensibly mysterious female pubic triangle'. Some are extremely funny, a few even actually arousing at the lowest gut level, but almost all shine a bull's-eye lantern on the below-the-belt, under-the-skirt life of the vulgar majority, all too rarely illuminated in official literature.

One side of the sexual square-dance, of course, remains unrepresented for, as Burford points out, 'there are very few reflecting the woman's point of view': not surprisingly perhaps, since it was largely that of the ceiling. What some gifted women were thinking, feeling and all too slowly being encouraged to write about their role is found in Diana Scott's anthology of poetry over the last 150 years, **Bread & Roses** (*Virago*, £4.95). This has quite a few revelations, even in the more familiar early section – notably a dramatic monologue by a writer new to me, Augusta Webster, whose plaint of a failed governess turned whore has a fine, ironic bite.

In the modern section, what was once the soft, sweet placatory voice of the 'poetess', like pale water colours beside the bold, thick paint of men, the literary equivalent of petit-point, has been drowned under a new wave of anger, independence and a confidence in speaking up without a mask. Male readers may be slightly miffed to find so many women celebrating birth rather than conception, friendship rather than love, the exploitation of their bodies by themselves rather than by us.

In his introduction to *Bawdy Verse*, Bur-

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ford traces the tradition back to the Romans. Peter Green agrees in the commentary to his own translation of Ovid's **Erotic Poems** (*Penguin*, £2.95) and identifies their theme in almost identical terms – 'women as objects of pursuit, reduced to their ultimate vaginal function'. The Love of which the poet is teaching the Art means only sexual conquest, so that he frequently categorises women as things – even using for them the neuter noun. Green tries to smuggle back some genuine tenderness, and affection, by suggesting that the *Amores* at least were written about his first teenage wife, but his heart is not really in it. Instead we have Ovid the brilliant libertine, witty and cunning, an almost Byronic entertainer, full of good jokes and cruel insights, the first person to say 'make love, not war'.

Selected Tales: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm (*Penguin*, £2.50) may seem some distance from love, or even lust. But David Luke, who has translated with introduction and notes, has rescued them from the nursery, identifying the material greeds and often incestuous desires that lie just beneath the nonsensical grotesquerie.

It is an enthralling collection, full of meat for Marxist and Freudian alike, though it is a pity that Luke has chosen the Brothers' later rather than earlier editions where the Oedipal drives have become hidden by such devices as changing the unnatural mothers into evil step-mothers. If Love is ever to be for equals, we must be grown-up enough to gaze on its ugly, as well as its beautiful, faces. □

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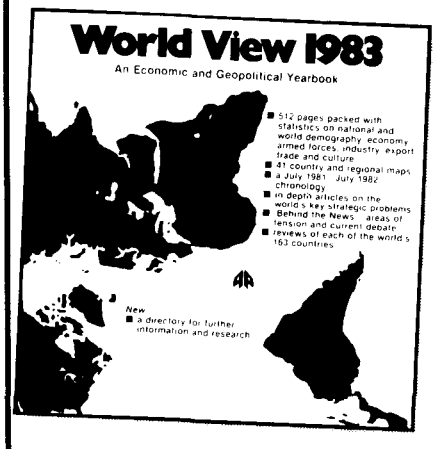
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IRELAND
Bernard Crick

Borderline

De Valera and the Ulster Question 1917-1973
JOHN BOWMAN *Oxford* £17.50

This is a very important and exciting account of the key figure and the key relationship in the history of the Republic of Ireland. Eamon De Valera could have said with more justice than Louis XIV, *'L'Etat c'est moi'*, though his successors say it for him in correct Irish, at every Fianna Fail *Ard Fheis*, before lapsing into fluent English. 'Exciting' is a relative term. The book smells pleasingly of the lamp of learning and the length of the chapters is proportionate not always to the sublimity of the themes but to the mundane availability of evidence. And it is a change from all those posturing books on Ireland as well as intellectually exciting to see how someone of scholarly disposition, patience, energy and good judgment can use not merely private papers and interviews but also government archives in London, Belfast, Ottawa, Washington and Bonn (a good source on Dev in the Second World War), to piece together De Valera's confusing record on Ulster. For Dev's own papers remain closed, the papers of the Republic's Department of External Affairs remain closed (though John Bowman has had limited access to some of them), and he anyway committed little to paper. He kept his left hand ever well away from his right, and always insisted that Cabinet minutes were of the briefest and most uninformative kind: never records of discussions or positions taken but only ever of decisions and sometimes not even that.

A general reader who likes detective novels should like this modern Irish history, determined as it is to avoid patriotic myth, intense and convincing in its dedication to empirical truths. To the Irish it must be a little galling that it is mainly from disparate foreign sources that John Bowman can build up a complex but credible picture: a picture more subtle, if with a darker political message, than T. P. O'Neill and Lord Longford's *Eamon De Valera* (1970), the not-quite-but-almost official life.

O'Neill and Longford adhered to the view, shared by Fianna Fail and Ulster Unionists alike, that De Valera was a revolutionary nationalist who defined his clear goal in the 1916 Easter Rising, by his opposition to the Treaty of 1921 that accepted Partition, and strove nobly for the rest of his long days of agitation and persuasion to achieve a unitary, sovereign and, indeed, Catholic and Gaelic Ireland. Whatever one's views on this noble endeavour (or on the even less plausible view that unity can be achieved by bomb and blood sacrifice), no one who reads Bowman could now see it as more than myth. Now myths are important, no one knew better than Dev, for building up new states (or trying to renew old ones in decline, *pace* the Falkland War); but the hard political message of this book is that what Dev thought necessary to build up the new state were the very things that made it impossible ever to win over a majority in the North. He must have seen that every time he played a green card the orange hand was strengthened. It is almost as if he sensed that the price of independence was, indeed, partition. Obsessed with (somehow) ending partition, he yet practised, Bowman says, a 'scrupulous indecision' in working towards it. He would often justify physical force morally, especially when speaking abroad, but then at once argue against its practicality. He would play the green card hard in domestic politics, but then complain in London that if they didn't extort concessions for him from the Ulster Unionists, he would lose control to his own physical-force wing. (It is grimly amusing to recall that there was always a school of British opinion which held that it was better to placate Hitler than see him swept aside by the real hard men of his Party.)

Actually, Chamberlain and De Valera were to come astonishingly close to a useful mutual understanding. Malcolm MacDonald (Ramsay's son), then Dominions' Secretary, also understood the strange mixture of deviousness and integrity in Dev, whereas Smuts, in earlier negotiations, had thought that he lived in 'a world of dreams, visions, and shadows'; and a Peer who sat in both the Free State Senate and the House of Lords reported that he was on the borderline between 'genius and insanity':

> I have met men of many countries and have been governor of a Lunatic Asylum, but I have never met anyone like the President . . . before. I hope that the Almighty does not create any more of the same pattern and that he will remain content with one example.

In fact Dev was consistently anti-force but always verbally placatory to physical-force men in Fianna Fail; he always favoured some kind of a federal, not a unitary, form of 'all Ireland'; he sometimes even favoured, albeit in double negatives (as not being entirely convinced of the case against), repartition; and when he had the chance in the dark days of 1940 and 1941 ('England's adversity is Ireland's opportunity') either to force or extort unity, wisely he did not risk force and typically put neutrality before joining the war against Hitler in return for concessions that even Churchill was prepared to offer. A shrewd British Ambassador wrote: 'He did not wish for a solution on any grounds that were possible'. 'Unity', writes John Bowman, 'along with being inevitable, was also postponable.' Bowman has the courage to raise the question whether unity is wanted by a majority even in the South, even in Fianna Fail, on terms that they would want to accept. Perhaps Irish politicians will come to share the great dispassion and zeal for truth of their extraordinary generation of great historians. (But both sections of Northern opinion have now

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much further to go.) Bowman, an RTE presenter and commentator, proves that an amateur historian can match the professionals. Would that that could be said of present politicians too.

I come out of this book with a greater respect for Dev than ever before, appreciating the necessity of his deviousness. Unless we are rabid 'map nationalists', much more should be said in praise of the creation of a stable, decent, modern Ireland and a bit less about the tragedy of Dev dying before partition ended. As for social justice in the North, that is another question – as John Hume once knew. And so are North-South relations and British-Irish relations: big enough projects for reform. □

SECURITY

Duncan Campbell

Cracks in the wall

A Matter of Trust: MI5 1945-72
NIGEL WEST *Weidenfield* £8.95

The last few years have seen a profusion of spy storybooks, each rehashing Burgess, Maclean and Philby, adding in their own new 'mole' or two, and usefully creating personal wealth thereby. Nigel West's account of 27 years of spies against the UK is in lower key, and better than these others. As often on the information-dry intelligence scene, large parts of the tale are summaries of a dozen earlier major books and other public accounts, held together with a mortar of the author's privy knowledge.

West's mortar is the best yet, since a thoroughly Tory family background (his real name is Rupert Allason) and a passion for much disclosure have enabled him to reach an alliance with several well-informed and disgruntled former members of the British intelligence community. Their assistance has made the account more plausible in terms of an intelligence agency's operations. Old, hoary, fictional chestnuts about past important spy events, handed down from newspaper cutting to newspaper cutting, are usefully eliminated. Names and places are identified with precision and internal codenames crop up with convincing if jerky frequency.

The style compares well with the self-aggrandising and breathless 'I can now reveal' manner of Chapman Pincher (*Their Trade is Treachery*) and the bombast of Andrew Boyle (*The Climate of Treason*). Indeed, readers who took some delight a few years ago in E. P. Thompson's characterisation of Pincher as 'Whitehall's urinal' for his smirking reception of manipulative leaks, will take greater pleasure in West's out-Pinchering of Pincher with a full and detailed description of Pincher's attempt to become an MI5 agent in the early 1960s.

The book also earned the profitable accolade of the Attorney-General's attempting to have it banned on account of the breaches of confidence by former intelligence officers in it. Publication, it was weightily claimed, would damage the Security Service's ability to protect national security.

Some irony thus lies in the fact that West's disclosures are solely concerned with MI5's operations against Soviet or Soviet bloc agents. He acknowledges, though, that the bulk of the information collected by the organisation concerns domestic political activities, the responsibility of an entire Branch, formerly termed 'Political Parties' and now 'Domestic Subversion' (F Branch). The Attorney General might have made an interesting case against West on the basis of the fact that he was solely interested in disclosing information about counter-Soviet operations, and not about those operations which, although of considerable public interest in the UK, would *not* appear to assist the Soviet Union.

Where examples of security service abuse of powers are mentioned, punches are entirely pulled. A flat was illegally entered and searched in the Vassall case in 1962. In 1964, Jeremy Hutchinson QC (now Lord Hutchinson) was the subject of a special investigation by MI5 for the sole reason that he had successfully defended in two successive cases in which MI5 had been involved. Somewhat pointlessly, the book contains an appendix listing the (public) figures for mail and telephone interception warrants, but offers no discussion of the use of these methods domestically (except for references to taps on embassy lines). On a different tack, there is no new detail of the 'gin-sodden generals' of the late 1960s who contemplated acting against Harold Wilson's government, and who were identified as subversive by the former head of MI5, Sir Martin Furnival-Jones.

There is the observation, however, that:

> MI5's role in the Defence of the Realm . . . requires it to make the existing and future position secure by eliminating threats to the established order.

This is about right. The primary threat to the established order is dealt with by F Branch:

> F Branch have long established moles in most leftist political organisations and are kept well informed by trades union informants.

West's subsequent claim that the Branch has only a 'reporting brief' flies in the face of the experience of target organisations, whose members have spasmodically noted unlawful break-ins and searches of houses and property, or have experienced (legal) information-gathering harassment by police special branches. It also flies in the face of the behaviour of the closely related organisations in Australia, Canada and the United States. In each country, judicial investigation established a history of unlawful security agency activities against the democratic political opposition, often known as 'countering'.

Of course, there's a difference. We're British. We cover up better. But, thankfully, the walls are slowly, if only slightly, coming down. □

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FICTION
Angela McRobbie

Madness and romance

Dusklands
J. M. COETZEE *Secker* £6.95
Cal
BERNARD MAC LAVERTY *Cape* £6.95

As ever with the modernist novel, or (as in this case) novella, the disingenous 'I' of the author throws the critical faculties of the reader, initially, into disarray. This happens, to great effect, in the two pieces which make up **Dusklands**. (I should mention that the book was first published in 1974 in South Africa and thus pre-dates the novels for which Coetzee is already known in this country.) Anyway, what exactly does the author have in mind when he places himself by name in both texts, though far from the central thrust of their narratives? I would suggest that in fictionalising himself in such a way he means that as a writer he holds colonial regimes including his own in total disregard, and yet as an Afrikaner it is the invader's consciousness that he knows about and understands, and it is a colonial history that he inhabits and therefore represents.

Such a writing-in and writing out of self could result merely in a guilty exposition or a too-easy politics. But it doesn't in this case. Instead it allows the reader (and presumably also the writer) to survey his narrators' descent into a kind of intelligent, incisive madness. To some the conjuring up of images of madness may seem like a classic get-out clause. I think it's useful here because it documents clearly that madness doesn't necessarily mean relinquishing power and responsibility, that indeed it can entail an excessive responsibility.

The colonialist aggressor in 'The Vietnam Project' is a creative writer employed by the American propaganda machinery to develop programmes to break the spirit of the Vietnamese. But his immediate superior, one Coetzee, is shocked and dismayed at the explicitness and shamelessness of the report he submits. It is too bereft of military euphemism, too stark in its pursuit of the American objective. The report itself forms a central part of the work. It embraces a manic mythic vision, blaming the failure of past programmes on the inability of the Americans to appreciate the fine details of Vietnamese culture. With an anthropological sweep it suggests a much greater assault on these people's sensibilities – an increase in terrorist raiding, a consistent show of brute force and, if all else fails, a proclamation of victory not necessarily in terms of human casualties but in terms of devastation to the earth and to Vietnamese soil. Clearly the narrator is 'losing his wits'; he betrays all the signs of the obsessive. He spies on his wife, collects pornographic images of war and kidnaps his own child. Eventually he is locked up. The irony of his madness is not lost.

'The Narrative of Jacobus Coetzee' is also about conquest and invasion. The 18th-century explorer is an ancestor of the author, his account is followed by a lecture given by the author's father, and the entire 'fiction' is verified by the Dutch authorities. Jacobus Coetzee describes the tribe he encounters in cold, clipped tones. But when he becomes ill, when his body betrays him, he too is reduced to the life of a Bushman and begins to perceive the attractions of what he calls savagery. Of course in a later expedition his vengeance is sought on those who witnessed his humiliation and weakness. What is important about both these pieces of writing is, I think, the sense in which they show how the powerful maintain their power, how they pursue it, fear its loss and will risk more than themselves to avoid dispossession.

Though perhaps sharing a backdrop of colonial history and its consequences, Bernard Mac Laverty's **Cal** offers a very different kind of writing. Set in contemporary Belfast, it plays no tricks on its readers. Cal is a Catholic boy in his late teens living on a Protestant housing estate and trying unsuccessfully to keep himself above and out of the turmoil around him. He lives to regret his involvement (as getaway driver) in a sectarian murder when he falls in love with the dead man's wife. His love for her eventually forces him to betray his IRA associates – which means in effect an admission of guilt. This is the kind of novel which seems to leap on to the shelf of the Sixth Form College library. It fits the requirements exactly. It is topical, without obvious 'bias', and full of worthy sociology.

And yet in one critical sense it is shot through with a fundamental dishonesty. Masquerading as realism, it is nonetheless so bound by the conventions of romance that it cannot but dodge the issues it appears to be engaging. To be sympathetic Cal has to remain sufficiently apart from his activist friends, and to be a heroine his girl-friend has to possess a kind of aloof broad-mindedness; and love wins out in the end. We're in an interesting predicament when formal adventurousness leads only to madness, and realism to romance. □

William Scammell

Broderie anglaise

White cotton tops
will figure largely
in the afterlife

the svelte couturier's
Schubertiad, heaven
through a needle's eye.

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
M.H. Ryle

CeNDing

The Protest Makers
RICHARD TAYLOR and COLIN PRITCHARD
Pergamon £11 & £5.75

The lapse of three years between the writing of this book and its appearance in paperback has left some remarkable-sounding statements in the text. 'There is little indication', write Taylor and Pritchard, 'that CND will again have the ability to mobilise mass support.' Yet, in 1979, Bruce Kent concurred with this view, and if the authors have proved indifferent prophets, they have nonetheless written a thought-provoking study: a 'political and ideological analysis', rather than a documentary history, whose basis is a 'profile' of the movement drawn from the results of 400 questionnaires.

Although – or perhaps because – this profile is elaborated and discussed in the terms of academic sociology, most readers will probably find it of less interest than the book's more discursive chapters. They will in any case find themselves encouraged to reconsider the familiar question: why, despite its partial successes, did CND fail to achieve any of its major policy goals? Of course, that question is now a question about the present and the future. Can the movement of the 1980s hope for greater success? Comparisons with 1958-1965 certainly show important gains. CND today has a more organic and democratic structure. Direct action, once a divisive issue, is now an agreed tactic. The emergence of mass anti-nuclear movements across western Europe has brought a strength, and a sense of historic goals, which may prove crucial. Finally, the 'victory' of Scarborough in 1960, which became the defeat of 1961, has now been won and won again: the Labour Party is committed to unilateralism.

Committed, or 'committed'? Here, above all, Taylor and Pritchard's analysis is valuable; here, above all, it is equivocal. They repeatedly criticise the self-defeating purism which refused to contaminate the moral crusade against the bomb with any taint of 'politics'. 'To achieve changes,' they insist, requires '*political* planning, *political* organisation and *political* action.' The point bears repeating in 1982. What remains unclear is whether 'political action' meant, and means, 'working through the Labour Party'.

No-one can doubt that unilateralism is as unpalatable to many Labour parliamentarians as it was to Gaitskell. It is entirely possible that CND supporters will have to conclude that the Labour Party, just as it has been 'won', is finally a lost cause. In these and other respects, *The Protest Makers* provides a useful background to what will certainly be an interesting year. □

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The Crane Bag Book of Irish Studies (1977-81)

ed. M. P. HEDERMAN and RICHARD KEARNEY *Blackwater* £18

In his preface to this rich and inspiring volume, Seamus Heaney describes how *The Crane Bag* challenged its readers during the 'zestless mood' of Ireland in the late Seventies. Discussing the possible reactions to that sense of inertia, Heaney comments: 'To contemplate for too long the stalled politics of Northern Ireland, the rickety economy of the Republic, the general lack of trust in a fulfilling future, is to confront a Gorgon more withered than withering, one which does not even have the power any more to petrify us but can indeed induce inertia and self-rebuke.' However, contributors to *The Crane Bag* set about formulating the idea of a 'fifth province of the imagination' which would also act as an enabling *critical* power. The result is a uniquely serious journal which breaks new ground by laying the foundations of an independent and pluralist critical tradition. By contrast, the lightweight cosmopolitanism of Denis Donoghue's recent Reith lectures is the result of a timid, or self-satisfied, failure to engage in the task of founding an alternative cultural idea.

Readers sympathetic to the concept of an invisible and ironic fifth province will declare their 'solidarity' with what Heaney terms 'the good force of creative mind at work in the light of conscience'. They may also notice how the word 'conscience' has another level of meaning in an Irish context. To the British reader it must possess a straightforward moral signification, while the Irish use of the term is almost inevitably bound to echo Joyce's use of it to mean 'identity-soul-integrity'. Thus *The Crane Bag* follows Stephen Dedalus's dedicated commitment to shaping 'the uncreated conscience of my race'. That conscience is the province both of the artist and the constitutional lawyer, and some of the most penetrating arguments in this collection address themselves to the constitutional question and to the treatment of minority groups by the Irish state. Here, the interviews with Sean MacBride, Andy Tyrie and John Hume are particularly helpful, while Garret Fitzgerald's profession of 'the principles of Tone and Davis' also holds out the idea of a new and civilised polity.

Inevitably, certain simple-minded attitudes surface in a few essays – a myopic nationalism disfigures Ed Maloney's discussion of Ian Paisley, while Michael McDowell offers a lacklustre defence of traditional Unionism. However, these are negligible failures of intelligence in a volume which stretches to nearly a thousand pages. The result of Hederman and Kearney's editorial enterprise is a nourishing text which deserves to be given classic status.

Tom Paulin

Yet Being Someone Other

LAURENS VAN DER POST *Hogarth Press* £8.95

Recently knighted Laurens van der Post has never written his autobiography. *Yet Being Someone Other* is the nearest he has come. It recalls vividly his early years in South Africa, with wistfully nostalgic descriptions of the country's interior and its seaboard. The great ocean-going ships hold a lasting fascination. The Union Castle Line's *Edinburgh Castle* going about in a storm to attempt the brave rescue of a distressed ship is described as a Turner seascape of turmoil and near-disaster. Later, rivalling Conrad, he catches the exact nature of a South Sea typhoon in the eye of the storm.

The book's main concern is the noble spirit of man. It is Van der Post's spiritual song, expressing immense humanity and sympathy towards the living world. Having killed elephants, he finds himself in unison with a Norwegian friend, a whaling skipper, who feels a terrible desolation of spirit each time one of the great beasts is destroyed. His response to prejudice is immediate and unambiguous. Without hesitation, he accommodates two Japanese at his café table, having made clear to a complaining South African proprietress that unless she serves them she will lose his custom as well. He discovers a philosophical affinity with a Japanese sea-captain and, together with the poet William Plomer, sails to Japan. That highly mannered, pre-war Imperial society is exactly depicted. His knowledge of the language gained there saved his life later on as a PoW in Java. A story in itself, that experience was one of extraordinary heroism and spiritual strength.

Van der Post's has been a remarkable life. His writing about it is visionary and lyrical. He describes the Nazi *Führer* in these terms: 'In Europe, too, Hitler, the sleep-walking missionary and, therefore, the most dangerous of all, was starting his *Götterdämmerung* conversion of a whole people in the back streets of Bavaria.' It is a long, elegant book which demands leisure to be fully appreciated.

Brian Martin

Review of Feminine Sexuality

JACQUES LACAN *Macmillan* £15 & £5.95

'Psychoanalysis', according to Lacan, 'should aim to show that we do not know those things we think we do'. The fallacy which this book manifests, and indeed celebrates, begins here; for it is plain that showing that we do not know etc is to be achieved, precisely, by showing – that is, by succeeding linguistically, not failing. Lacan's entire written *oeuvre* (I say nothing of his practice) rests upon this prime fallacy of post-war French criticism, that language must somehow fail in order to succeed. The result is pretentious and clumsy. Much of the work that should be done by philosophy is in France given over to linguistics, which is technically unable to cope.

Lacan's vision purportedly refers to sex and people. (How could it, if he really believed in his own cant, reference being impossible?) He built a theory of sexuality on a theory of meaning, or rather non-meaning. Sex, he would have us believe, isn't a matter of biological drives; there is no basic difference between men and women; the differences are constructed out of language, itself a masculine construct designed to keep woman in her place. The 'symbolic order' itself (the male conspiracy) derives from the castration complex (in boys and girls); it represents the unspoken presence of the paternal phallus. The child cannot 'have' its mother, the absent phallic father is always there.

Thus the theory of linguistic inefficacy (the sense of meaning is always a fantasy, never a reality) and the theory of sexuality achieve a shaky oneness: love, like meaning, is always delusory; the lover desires nothing but desire itself. This is basic romantic stuff, and ultimately Lacan's thinking fails to escape that bondage to romance which makes much recent French writing and cinema tiresome. Too many realities dissolve under Lacan's spell, too many real problems vanish beneath the one huge problem he purports to be confronted by. It is hard to know what there is for the feminist in this male-chauvinist farrago. Can women really believe that throughout history they have been conned by a linguistic three-card trick?

Geoffrey Thurley

USSR: Secrets of a Corrupt Society

KONSTANTIN SIMIS *Dent* £8.95

In March, Boris the Gypsy, circus artist, driver of a green Mercedes and lover of Brezhnev's hippy daughter Galina, was arrested for speculation in diamonds and foreign currency. Scandal rocked the very highest circle of Soviet society. 1982 was thus an appropriate time for a book on corruption in the USSR. Konstantin Simis, who used to act as a defence lawyer for underground businessmen and has now been thrown out of the Soviet Union for his connections with dissidents, is one of the few people familiar with all the details of the Soviet system of corruption.

Corruption really is a *system* in the Soviet Union. Simis shows how it permeates the whole of society, from the charmed circle of the élite with its special shops and restaurants and the underground businessmen with their networks of secret factories and stashes of diamonds and gold down to the simplest transaction in shop or market-place. Corruption is something that everyone in the Soviet Union is involved in every day. Without it you can get nothing done. You must bribe the shop-assistant if you want scarce commodities like meat or toilet paper; the plumber to fix your tap; the teacher to give your child good marks in school.

Simis's description of Soviet corruption is fascinating, his explanation of it more questionable. He attributes it all to the one-party state. He argues that absolute power corrupts the Communist Party élite, the rottenness creeps down the social scale and infects the whole of society. The solution thus lies in the democratisation of the Soviet system. It may be true that corruption is especially rife in authoritarian regimes, but the source of the USSR's problem is surely more prosaic. It lies in the economic as much as in the political system. There are constant shortages because the planned economy, designed for the development of heavy industry, is unable to meet the demands of what is now a large consumer society. Shortages lead automatically to corruption and the black market. The black market fills in the gaps left by the official economy and oils the wheels of the cumbersome state apparatus. It is tolerated because without it the whole system would grind to a halt.

Olga Semenova

Makers of Nineteenth Century Culture 1800-1914: A Biographical Dictionary

ed. JUSTIN WINTLE *Routledge* £18.50

This, like its predecessor *Makers of Modern Culture*, is one of the few indispensable reference books which are on your desk more often than on your shelves. I know what I did without it – I picked my way through half-a-dozen other reference books and critical works to piece together the information I needed. The contributors know their stuff inside out, and many of their articles are outstanding: see, for instance, Philip Howard's succinct piece on Sir James Murray of OED fame; or Bernard Crick on de Tocqueville ('even his silences were read both ways'); or Duncan Fallowell on Ducasse, or Richard Freeborn's admirable pieces on Russian novelists – but it is really unfair to the rest to single anyone out, because the standard of the entries is uniformly high. And the whole is highly readable: when you're not using it as a work of reference, it is a fascinating book just to dip into. Worth every penny and, dare I say, more.

Anne Smith

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FILMS

John Coleman

Remote control

Yol (AA – 15)
Lumiere Cinema
Still of the Night (AA – 15)
Odeon, Haymarket

Yilmaz Güney's career, celebrated with a 10-film season at the NFT almost exactly two years ago, must surely be unique in world cinema. Born of Kurdish parents in 1937, he scraped and fought his way to secondary school, then to read Law in Ankara and Economics at Istanbul University; he began working in films at the age of 20, scripted and acted, and established himself as Turkey's leading male star. As befitted his nomadic, flintily intransigent ancestry (of late, to admit the existence of Kurds, a minority people, or to speak their language might warrant a five-year prison sentence under the Turkish junta), he was jailed three times for subversive activities, on the last occasion in 1974 for the alleged murder of a judge, when he got 18 years. It was during this shattering period that the 'remote control' direction of his scripts by such valued colleagues as Zeki Okten and Serif Gören set up a collaborative enterprise that still allowed people to speak of 'Güney's' films.

Yol, in fact, is officially credited to Gören, the negatives having been smuggled out to Switzerland. Meanwhile, in October 1981, its writer was granted leave to spend Feast Day at home, quit his hostile native land and is currently exiled in France. He was able to work on the editing and post-production of the new film; and accompanied it to Cannes, where it shared the Golden Palm last year and Güney himself received a rapturous welcome. After such a dramatic build-up, it is good to be able to report that *Yol,* in which Kurdish *is* spoken, brings before us a harsh, unforgettable series of images, sometimes near-kaleidoscope fashion, of the realities of contemporary Turkey: nowhere one would wish to visit. An irony has it that the interwoven threads follow the misfortunes (for the most part) of five prisoners, awarded a week's leave from the island gaol of Imrali, as they travel distances of up to a thousand miles towards separate destinies. Grimness prevails, though a rough, sad humour creeps in via little Yusuf, protesting to his companions that the photo on his identity papers makes him look like a murderer. What are you in for, one of them asks. 'Murder', he says, missing the point of their laughter. He, alas, en route to a child bride, soon ends his journey in custody, having lost his documents: his pals will make sure she gets the caged yellow bird he was taking to her.

Men are cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd by more than the hortatory voices coming out of the hut loudspeakers at camp and the repeated halts for identification and body search after they leave the island. Birds swoop and flutter freely high above, but for some of the travellers there is further constraint at journey's end. Mevlut, for instance, notes changes in the southern town of Gaziantep, eyes posters of a military leader, urbanly if not urbanely jostling with posters of a flimsily clad temptress; yet, united with his fiancée, patriarchal tradition dictates no change, no contact as relatives chaperon them to despair: poor Mevlut goes with a whore on the eve of his wedding. And, most brutal fate of all, louring Seyit (Tarik Akan) finds his wife Zine has herself been banished for whoring to a lost mountain farm. Honour demands he kill her and that, against his will, is effectively what he does as the pair of them battle back through driving snow across the peaks. In a terrible scene, Seyit tries to slap her slumped body into life again, dragging her vainly for a while to the accompaniment of an elemental howl of grief, rage and loss.

And primitive notions of revenge bring down a thief who admits to his wife's family that his cowardice resulted in his accomplice-brother-in-law's death. Last of all is the unhappy plight of Omer, a young Kurd, returned to his home near the Syrian border. Delight on his face as he sights the medieval distant village swiftly (and brilliantly) switches to anguish as he hears the sound of shots exchanged between Kurdish freedom fighters and the Turkish soldiery. Once in the village, he silently exchanges glances with a beautiful, equally silent girl. His brother is killed and local lore exacts his assumption of the brother's wife and family. What can he do but ride off from both responsibility and the magical girl towards a dubious freedom of his own?

Yilmaz Güney and Serif Gören cram an already laden film with sweeping landscapes, vivid country colour and music (three young boys on fiddle, drum and tambourine sing and play a love-lament to a coachful of travellers). There is more, perhaps, than Europeanised eyes and ears can take in at one visit, but that is hardly a fault. It is a powerful, chastening experience.

With a scripting and directorial track record that includes *Bad Company, The Late Show, Kramer vs Kramer* (and, of course, the co-writing of *Bonnie and Clyde,* with David Newman), Robert Benton ain't dull, whatever other vices he may possess. Now, from a story idea long mooted with Newman, he has written and directed a thriller, *Still of the Night,* that re-engages the striking and strikingly handsome Meryl Streep, very blonde, alarmingly like a Veronica Lake on stilts at moments, and deploys enough glancing and head-on homages to Hitchcock to satisfy the most avid film-quizzer. For a while Mr Benton even fooled me into thinking I understood what was going on, flashbacks within flashbacks and all. It starts with a stabbed corpse discovered by a would-be car thief. Very elegantly shot this is, in night-time New York, by Nestor Almendros, who keeps up the nice framings and suspenseful prowlings throughout.

It turns out the dead man was a rather unpleasant wife-cheating expert in antiquities employed by a Sotheby's-style auction gallery, one George (Josef Sommer), a long-term patient of ritzy psychiatrist Sam Rice (Roy Scheider). Into Sam's consulting room bursts ex-George's gallery assistant and mistress, Brooke Reynolds (Ms Streep all a-

Akan and Sezer in *Yol*

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quiver), beseeching Sam tactfully to return a watch to ex-George's unsuspecting, and never encountered, wife. She also breaks an expensive statuette in her flutter. Then a top little Italian cop calls, warning a lip-buttoned Sam he too could be in danger. Jessica Tandy passes engagingly by as Sam's ma, trying to socialise him out of the dumps of his recent divorce: 'I'm not talking mother to son – I'm talking shrink to shrink'. Later these two professionals discuss a wizardly choreographed and implausible dream old George once recounted (and we get to see some one-and-a-half times). A shrunken green box figures and a pre-teen girl pulling an eye from her teddy, when the socket oozes blood, etc.

Other enticements are a semi-comical mugging in Central Park which ends badly for the mugger, stabbed in the same pattern as George, and a pretty splendid auction room scene with Sam bidding $15,000 for a painting he dislikes. (We see quite a bit of George, flashbacked as Sam re-reads his notes, clue-seeking.) Sam is soon kissing Brooke and she responding. But plenty points to her being the murderer. A decoding of that dream, out at a Long Island mansion, involves an odd pun: the rest you must go and muddle along with yourselves. It has just enough eerie style and humour to rate the effort. □

TELEVISION
William Boyd

Given direction

DID ANY of **Coronation Street**'s (Granada) 13 million viewers notice anything different about last Monday's episode, I wonder. No change in the content, but there was a qualitative improvement in that it was conspicuously well directed. Long-running serials such as this do not offer the ambitious director many opportunities to try his hand. The show will have a number of well defined ruts that not only ensure its smooth running but also render the possibilities of fruitful change harder to bring about. Chief among these, I should imagine, are cramped and familar sets and long-serving stars who are reluctant to switch from automatic pilot.

Anyway, Ken Grieve – director – worked wonders last Monday. There was a marked increase in close-ups, much more framing and camera movement, and the whole field of shot was employed. In many scenes of straightforward conversation (which is essentially all *Coronation Street* is composed of) things were going on in the foreground *and* the background as well. Mike Baldwin's shop floor has never looked so crowded. Sometimes it went a bit awry, as in one scene where Eddie Yates visited Chalkie White's sick bed. Chalkie's troubled, flu-ridden face was shot through the confused blur of Eddie spooning tomato soup into his (Eddie's) face. Here the directorial method called attention to itself, drawing accusations of 'too clever by half'. However, it's not a criticism often levelled at the Street and we should be grateful for the opportunity. It certainly contributed more density to what must be reckoned an unimprovable formula. All they need to do now is turn the lighting down a touch.

From one point of view of course 'conspicuously well directed' is a contradiction in terms. This school of thought holds that 'good direction' is like the use of garlic in cooking: you should never be aware of it. By this token, then, Charlie Chaplin is worth all the plaudits he received in **Unknown Chaplin** (Thames), foremost among these the heady claims 'the greatest artist of film' and 'silent film-maker supreme'. Large though they may be, they were convincingly upheld in this revelatory documentary (by David Gill and Kevin Brownlow).

The discovery of a mass of out-takes and rushes from Chaplin's early comedies and skilful editing of the same have allowed us to gain – for the first time – some indication of the way the Chaplin two-reelers were put together: on the spot inspiration and improvisation. As one who sits stony-faced through almost all slapstick I found them of compelling interest, and not just for reasons of film history. Out-takes, fluffs, corpsing etc, always favour the actor. One got a real sense of Chaplin and his team (particularly Edna Purviance) as real people at a huge remove from the chalk-faced caricatures they appear on screen.

Another intriguing directorial approach – and more relaxed actors, come to that – contributed to the success of **Shakespeare Lives** (C4). The director was Michael Bogdanov who, with the assistance of various RSC actors, was trying to convince a large live audience at the Round House of his interpretation of *Taming of the Shrew*. Bogdanov's thesis is that the *Shrew* is not the male chauvinist tract it is commonly taken to be but is rather a subtle critique of the values Petruchio's triumph seems to endorse. He made a convincing case, ably assisted by workshop-style extracts from the play.

The mood was relaxed and informal, a fact made evident by the more than usually spirited audience participation. An auspicious start to a ten-week series. My only complaint was that the first show was too short: it was really just beginning to get heated up when the 30 minutes ran out. Still, part two will find our appetite nicely whetted. □

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THEATRE
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Star trek

The School for Scandal
SHERIDAN *Haymarket*
Mr Cinders
CLIFFORD GREY & GREATREX NEWMAN
Kings Head

Hobson's Choice, Captain Brassbound, Uncle Vanya, Rules of the Game, Man and Superman, and now **School for Scandal:** Triumph Apollo Productions, to its great credit, is making the Haymarket look almost as serious a rep as the National Theatre, and all without a penny of Arts Council loot. The trick, as I understand it, is peopling the top slots of its revivals with star performers, most of them well known on television and therefore likely to attract audiences who wouldn't normally trek off to the South Bank or Barbican: Penelope Keith, Leonard Rossiter and, now for the second time, Donald Sinden. But such a policy has its perils, principally miscasting and imbalance. In the theatre, as in the universe itself, stars have a way of reducing to cinders, or at least to unimportance, bodies that venture too close to them. We find ourselves responding more to their idiosyncratic brightness, less to the system whose core and sustenance they supposedly are.

This happened with Peter O'Toole's Tanner, who at times seemed not so much over the top as looping the loop in some private airshow of his own; and it happens in *School for Scandal*, and not only when Sinden's Sir Peter Teazle is hogging the limelight. Beryl Reid's Mrs Candour, all stately waddle and wonky gentility, is a most entertaining performance; but less because it succeeds in illuminating the hypocrisies of the character Sheridan actually created, more because it permits the audience to luxuriate in the works and quiddities of a much-loved comedienne. To be sure, Miss Reid wrests laughter out of unlikely lines: a reference to a Miss Nicely, a name transformed to 'Miss Naacely' by the mincing suburbanite she keeps locked up in her larynx; a palpitating request to a servant to see the disgraced Lady Teazle, 'do it again'. But in each case the laughter is for Reid.

Sinden has the additional problem of being oddly cast. The point about Teazle is that he is an elderly country gentleman awkwardly and unhappily matched with a coltish young wife. Ralph Richardson, playing the part in 1962, presented a fundamentally serious picture of a man ruefully aware of the foolishness of his marriage and the absurdity of himself; and, when he found Lady Teazle lurking behind her would-be lover's screen, 'his warm heart' was, in the words of a critic of the day, 'struck by a terrible chill'. But from the moment Sinden pounds onstage, fruity confidence visibly swelling into beefy ebullience, it is clear

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there is to be nothing so subtle or so apt in his performance. Even in humiliation, he is too genial by half, or maybe three-quarters. Throughout, his Teazle is a battle between an upbeat celebrity and a downbeat character; and the celebrity persistently wins.

The great lascivious growl, rumbling up from his stomach when he thinks the woman behind the screen is actually a French milliner, is unadulterated, unreconstructed Sinden, and nothing to do with the character at all. And elsewhere, too, the level of his comic invention is surprisingly low: emphasising the word 'authority' to his skittish wife, he stamps his foot, and hurts it; italicising the same word for a second time, he biffs his hand on the table and, again, hurts it. If Sinden were not in fact more, much more, than a charismatic television personality, this might be understandable. But no one who saw, say, his Benedick in *Much Ado* or his Stockmann in *Enemy of the People* could doubt the quality of his theatrical intelligence; and I myself remember using every forum available to me to vote for his Lear as the richest, most striking performance of 1977. How, then, can he be content to offer the world a Teazle whose last-act bid for pathos only serves to accentuate his lack of true vulnerability, or indeed sensitivity of any kind?

What makes all this doubly incomprehensible is that the director is John Barton, a man of undoubted subtlety of mind and no slouch when it comes to orchestrating an ad-hoc cast into an ensemble. Besides, the cast itself includes several people who, like him, are temporary exiles from the RSC, which *is* an ensemble. But where is the detail, the nuance, the deft give-and-take between actor and actor that one had expected? Sebastian Shaw and Patrick Godfrey, accomplished players both, bring little but a sort of prancing camp to the scandal-mongering Crabtree and Backbite; and Dulcie Gray is too comfy a presence to carry much credit as the malevolent Sneerwell. To call her a 'fury', as Teazle does at the end, is rather like greeting Mrs Tiggywinkle by the name of Medusa.

What distinction the evening possesses comes mainly from Bill Faser's Rowley, Christopher Godwin and Michael Siberry as the brothers Surface, and Judy Buxton's Lady Teazle, a sleek young cat whose self-satisfied smile disappears with awful abruptness when she realises how sour the cream she's swallowed really is. But they can't save what is, I fear, a pretty shallow, showy production.

Mr Cinders, as the title suggests, is a variation on the fairy tale, ending with a millionaire's daughter giving her band to the cheery young sprig who has long been abused by his cousins-in-law. It is also a musical comedy, vintage 1929, with some nice tunes ('Spread a little happiness'), some amiably silly exchanges and, despite sharing its period's patronising delight in working-class accents, a pleasant disdain for the extremes of snobbism. The production will need strengthening, though, if it is to make its deserved transfer to a theatre that demands bolder projection of personality and vox. □

MUSIC
Andrew Clements

Wagnerian value

Wagner: Die Walküre
JANOWSKI *Eurodisc* 301 143-465 (five records)
Wagner: Tristan und Isolde
KLEIBER *Deutsche Grammophon* 2741 006 (five records)
Wagner: Lohengrin
VON KARAJAN *EMI* SLS 5237 (five records)

Forget all about Solti and Von Karajan, *The Ring* in English or in prehistoric sound from Fürtwängler. For anyone who followed BBC-2's act-by-act transmissions of the centenary *Ring* and has become addicted to Wagner, the cycle to collect, as it appears, is on Eurodisc, conducted by Marek Janowski with the Dresden Staatskapelle. I wrote about their *Rheingold* a little over a year ago; that was a solid, highly intelligent performance, without any irritating eccentricities, more than competently sung and recorded in limpid digital sound. The new **Walküre** is even better; it has all the virtues of its predecessor, some excellent performances and in Jessye Norman the Sieglinde of one's dreams.

The set is worth buying just to hear her. The voice is glorious; there are many moments that one cannot imagine sounding more radiant, and Sieglinde's final, rapturous outburst, sung to the redemption theme that will not be heard again until *Götterdämmerung* and which will close the tetralogy, is heart-stopping. Other sopranos may have delved more deeply into the text of the role; no one surely has made it sound so beautiful. Her partner as Siegmund is a fair match. Siegfried Jerusalem is fresh, exuberant and intelligent, offering a portrayal of emotional sweeps rather than finely etched detail, but affecting and effective.

Theo Adam's Wotan grows on me. In Rheingold he was outpointed by Peter Schreier's *bel canto* Loge, but he grows in stature through this opera until his farewell is deeply impressive, aided by Janowski's careful texturing and sympathetic tempi. It's easy to underrate the conductor's contribution to this set, yet he gets splendid playing from the Dresden orchestra and paces almost everything superbly, eschewing unnecessary heroics. The Brünnhilde of Jeannine Altmeyer (Sieglinde in the TV *Ring*) is of a piece with Janowski's method. A small-scale, compassionate Valkyrie is right for this opera and it remains to be seen whether Altmeyer can make the necessary adjustments for the later, more demanding acts. I await *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* with huge impatience.

Eight years ago Radio 3 relayed a performance of **Tristan** from Bayreuth that remains in the memory as the best I've ever heard. Carlos Kleiber's conducting then seemed to conceive the work in a single incandescent curve that pressed towards its goal without any faltering. His performance for record has been a long time coming, beset by arguments and legal hassles, and even though it cannot quite live up to that earlier memory (which no doubt has been burnished by time and sentiment) it is still a triumph. The basis is electrifying orchestral playing – the Dresden Staatskapelle again – and a view of the drama that comprehend its vertiginous emotional switches, reflected in Kleiber's daringly flexible tempi and his ability to tease each expressive strand. The huge dynamic range of the performance is thankfully matched by the digital recording.

Kleiber is no doubt a hard task-master for his singers, but they respond with great conviction. Margaret Price is an unlikely Isolde, a role she has not sung on the stage, but her concern for detail and the careful grading of every nuance fits Kleiber's approach like a glove. She lacks the sheer vocal weight of some of her rivals but is more moving than any, save of course Flagstad on Fürtwängler's set. René Kollo is an equally suave and acute Tristan, not ideally heroic possibly, but irrepressibly youthful. Brigitte Fassbaender's Brangäne matches the lovers in favouring intelligence over power; Kurt Moll's Marke is suitably grave and noble. Only, alas, Fischer-Dieskau's Kurwenal is a disappointment; he sang the role 30 years ago for Fürtwängler, but the voice is too insubstantial now, and melodramatic acting cannot fill the gap. A single blemish though on a marvellous set.

Karajan's **Lohengrin** for EMI has been even longer in the making than DG's *Tristan* and occasionally gives the impression of having been worked over too carefully, with balances between voices and orchestra artificially adjusted. Yet there is little criticism to be made of Karajan's conducting of the score which has great amplitude, spreading the opera on the broadest possible canvas. At moments his approach is just a shade too expansive and some crucial dialogues, especially in the second act flag as a result. But the panoply of this pageant opera is gorgeously vivid, with orchestra and conductor savouring every bit of colour. The chorus is treated as an integral part of the texture and it responds suitably.

Yet on what should have been an ideal platform, Karajan's singers fail him. They are all, of course, perfectly groomed by the conductor for their roles, and forced to pay attention to every detail in their music. But vocally they are an undistinguished bunch. Even René Kollo, the Lohengrin here, is nothing like the fresh-toned singer he is for Kleiber, with some passages of scrawny tone, though his concern for the sense of what he is singing is never in doubt. Anna Tomowa-Sintow's Elsa is all right as far as it goes, but she never strikes a sympathetic chord in the listener; there is too much caricature in Dunja Vejzovic's Ortrud, Karl Ridderbusch (King Henry) and Siegmund Nimsgern (Telramund) are more acceptable, often first-rate. Despite these shortcomings, however, this is the *Lohengrin* to buy, indeed all three Wagner operas have never been so uniformly well served on record as they are here. □

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WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2753 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Creative misprints can give a totally new meaning to well-known passages of verse. Please provide extracts from famous poems which have been given the treatment. Anything from four lines to 16, by 28 January.

No 2750 **Set by B. Mooring**

After *Anyone for Denis?* we wondered how other playwrights might deal with the Boss and her underling.

Report **By Al Dente**

A triumphant vindication of our decision to set this comp twice, I'm glad to report. Tip-top entries, some accompanied by quite large bribes, made for a happy day in the Complex. Bill Greenwell wrote to say that in 1982, for the third year running, he won more prize money than any other comper; remembering the warning about camels and needles' eyes, I decided to do the boy a favour by leaving him out this week. A tenner apiece for Day's and Warburton's Shakespeares, Norman's Trevor Griffiths, Sweetman's Webster and Simmers's J. M. Barrie.

Margaret: If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well
It were done quickly –
Denis: (tankard in hand) Get thee hence and do't.
'Tis never well, my love, to sit upon't,
Else poxy piles result. My friend, the Major –
M: Stop! I do not wish to hear the bawdry
Of thy most idle friends. I wish to speak
Concerning the Election, whose occasion
Falleth to me alone to fix. There's those
Of my advisers favour May: 'tis true,
Indeed, 'twould seem most suitable that I
Should go before the common people deck't,
As the great Anniversary requires,
In Victory's trappings; thus, the Falklands may,
In spite of malcontents, win us the day!
D: The Sword of Victory can be two-edged;
They say down at the tavern –
M: Hold thy tongue!
'Tis the drink talks.
D: (aside) And does not always lie! MAY DAY

D: The pew she sat in trembl'd with such rage
That I did think the very walls would shake;
And men did cast about them, eyes a-roll,
For fear that she would spit at them in blood!
(Enter Margaret. All but Denis scatter.)
M: What's this? Quaffing with the common folk
While I thy mistress work!
D: Sweet Margaret . . .
M: Shut thy mouth, knave! I'll hear no more on't.
Ho, there! Fetch my fool!
(Aside) Angels and ministers of state defend me
When all about me are but shadows of true knights.
Grave, round Sir Geoffrey, unbreech'd upon a train
At night; once noble Nott who dost leap and fly
Upon a word from Robin Day; more galling
Yet than these, the blasted Heath . . .
(Enter fool.)
Tebbit: (wittily) A bike! A bike! My Kingdom for a bike! N. J. WARBURTON

M: Yeah, we got this skin band together, y'know?
D: Yeah, well, I don't actually play in the band. I sort of, you know, fix things with The Man. I got these contacts in the City, see.
M: Yeah, anyway, there was this red-faced geezer called Jim on drums, but he was a bit wet, so I gave him the elbow like.
D: Then there was a couple of posh gits on guitars, Ian and Peter, and this flash bugger Norm on keyboards. He wouldn't wear the Doc Marten boots – kept turning up in paisley waistcoats, like a bleedin' hippy.
M: They all had to go. Just didn't look right in an OI! band. So now it's basically just me on me own. I got more control over me material now, though.
D: Yeah, she's really t'riffic, honest.
M: Yeah – but we don't seem to be gettin' much work . . .

PETER NORMAN

(Drawing room at No. 10. Denis discovered. Knocking without.)
D: Whence is that knocking? Heaven help the man
That dares to thunder at my Margaret's door
When she's in Morpheus' arms – though not in mine.
(Enter Mrs T in night-rail.)
M: What bloody noise is that?
D: That's Nott, my dear.
M: You dare to contradict!
D: Not I, but Nott!
Is this not Nott himself?
(Enter J. Nott in naval uniform.)
N: Prime Minister!
I come with tidings from those sea-girt isles,
Where our brave boys are locked in mortal strife
With Galtieri's horde of dago thugs.
M: Speak on, good Nott. I pray your news is good.
I have a woman's heart and sometimes weep,
To hear of young men slain in frightful war.
N: Then hear me, Madam. Hastings has advanced
And ta'en the Upland Goose where, at the bar,
E'en now all toast your name with three times three;
Sweet Peace prevails, Port Stanley now is free.

JOHN SWEETMAN

We are in the little home underground, where Denis sits sewing neatly. In fact, everything about him is neat, except possibly his gin. Maggie enters in a swashbuckling mood.
M: Oh the cleverness of me! Did you see what I did to those health workers? I'm frightfully brave, you know.
D: Now, Maggie, I think that you and I should talk seriously.
M: (suddenly in the sulks) Don't want to be serious. I just want to cut services and have fun.
D: (who knows the responsibilities of a little mother, and will not shirk them) But Maggie, your popularity – it's dying!
M: (suddenly galvanised into action) I do believe we could save it. If only there could be a war and everyone would clap their hands because I was so brave!
The Falklands Factor comes into operation, the audience claps wildly, and Maggie Pan is elected for another five years.

GEORGE SIMMERS

GLC Peace Year 1983
MUSIC FOR PEACE

THE IVEAGH BEQUEST, KENWOOD.
SUNDAY 16 JANUARY 1983
at 11.30 am

The Fairfield String Quartet

Admission free – promenade

Further recitals 23 and 30 January

GLC
Working for London and Peace

084

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FIRST PERSON

Patrice Chaplin

Stage fright

DURING HIS recent television programme, Laurence Olivier transmitted stage fright so powerfully and with such touching honesty that, among the acting profession, it is now almost a privilege to be able to say that you have it. Professional actors, opera singers, musicians and ballet dancers can all of a sudden admit to being ravaged by this black torment, that settles without warning and makes a nonsense of the term 'established career'.

Someone who has experienced the horror Olivier described is actress Di Trevis, recently at the National Theatre in *Don Juan*. She had worked for ten years playing major roles and her only experience of nerves was the usual rush of first-night adrenalin, a feeling mainly of excitement.

'Then I suddenly developed the kind of stage panic that afflicted Olivier. Like his, it came out of the blue. Oddly enough, it happened just at the moment in my life when I decided to become a director. My interest in acting had declined slightly and, with it, the fear that my theatrical future depended on my performance. Perhaps some of the underlying anxiety about being an actress was released. I don't know. I was in the middle of a first night, a comedy at Greenwich, and this strange feeling of otherworldliness overcame me. I started to think how deeply disturbing it would be if I suddenly broke out of my role and said to the audience, I'm in agony. I've got to stop. Who are you anyway? And what are you looking at me for? I started to sweat. I couldn't trust reality at all. Had I just said what I thought I'd said? There was a detachment too. What a strange activity. All these people massing together to watch another set of people dressed up, propagating a fantasy. I saw it all from above. The man in the moon. I thought the other actors were looking at me oddly. Was I speaking the right lines?'

'What were your physical symptoms?'

'Pouring with sweat, so much so it was trickling down my spine; a dry mouth; the audience became a blur. And the actor Patrick Drury who sat beside me said the garden seat vibrated with the shaking of my body, so badly it was like being in a machine.'

'How did you manage to stay on stage?'

'I thought I was going to have to stop. What got me through was something I call "automatic pilot". I'm sure a lot of people have had it. You've just said a line. You don't know how you said it. Now here comes another. The line is a train coming along the track. You feel it dropping into your head and you say it, then it's off and here comes the next one. In the interval, so desperate was I that I took the only thing I had, a sleeping tablet, but instead of sending me to sleep, as it normally does, it rendered me near sane in the second half. Once you've had this panic you get obsessed about forgetting lines because you don't know how you ever remembered them. The nerves build up for the next performance and you look at the script and the whole thing is unfamiliar. A very common actors' nightmare is arriving at a theatre, getting ready for the performance, then finding you're in a play you've never rehearsed. Well, it's akin to that.'

'Does it bear any relation to the state of the production or the pressure of the part?'

'Absolutely none. After Greenwich, I went to the West End to take over when the leading actresss walked out of a Tennessee Williams play after the first night. The part was almost as long as Blanche du Bois and I'd had only five afternoons of rehearsal. Yet I came on with three hours' notice, completely calm. I had a wonderful time and played it for five months.'

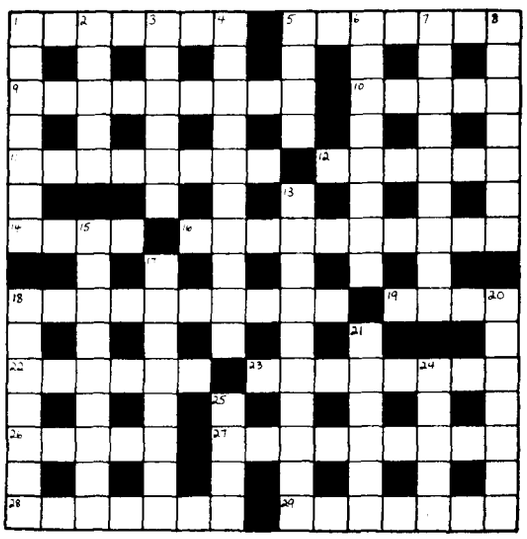
Panic came back during her last season at the National and she suffered so badly that she has not appeared on stage since.

'There I was at the pinnacle of achievement, if you like; in a famous company with a marvellous director, Peter Gill; playing a famous role, Dona Elvira in *Don Juan*. Unfortunately for me, the part had the ingredients for giving someone with stage fright the real horrors. One appearance in the first half, another in the second, both consisting of long gruelling speeches without pause and, in between, an hour of suffering in the dressing room. By the end of my time at the National, I used to weep because I hadn't the courage to go through with it. Nothing would persuade me to take the role again. It would have to be something very special to get me back on stage.'

There is a celebrated case of a very great actor at the RSC who would not come out of his dressing room to go on with the play and he's not appeared on stage since. I don't want to name him because he may want to go back to the theatre and then people will be hungry to see him go through it again, people being what they are. Then there was the Prospect actor who, on the first night, during the last season at the Old Vic, left a note, 'I just can't go on,' before taking a plane out of the country. □

Weekend Crossword 1387

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1387, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 25 January.



ACROSS

1. Remedy which is play on number. (7)
5. Display of universal anguish? (7)
9. Leap like a star before the heavens. (4,5)
10. Union leader without a country. (5)
11. I cut back in an unusual time to be rude. (8)
12. Song about a bloody country. (6)
14. Earth discovers message about the Daleks' leader. (4)
16. Unworthy of a scholar and not fit to repeat. (10)
18. Those who take a Russian menace to heart are rash people. (10)
19. Drink which is all right for the liver? (4)
22. A chaperon is right with a backward girl. (6)
23. The beautiful in unusually safe romances. (8)
26. Shaw's heroine got in the train after ten. (5)
27. In low temperatures man needs source of heat. (9)
28. A wronged sister without gravity becomes an animal. (7)
29. Looks like an aristocrat's wife, but useless in audience. (7)

DOWN

1. Food after sleep is what babies need. (7)
2. There is nothing in the Alps different from a part of England. (5)
3. Abuse a manager for including a beginner. (6)
4. Member of a quartet has to climb a tree. (10)
5. End up as a large sum. (4)
6. Film which shows there is dancing everywhere? (8)
7. Steel perhaps put in a case to fix values. (9)
8. Girl got up and started typing a card for a boy. (7)
13. What is available to make one offer a change to a beak. (4,2,4)
15. Courage without knowledge is becoming obscure. (9)
17. Sloth displayed by statesman to gallery. (8)
18. Dunderhead and editor turned encyclopedist. (7)
20. Desires change but stays permanently. (7)
21. Old chap who makes a mistake? (6)
24. Magistrate concerned with first offender. (5)
25. Lacking feminine lead, realities become the stuff of theatre. (4)

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Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

BRITISH TRANSPORT OFFICERS' GUILD

NEGOTIATIONS ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the post of Negotiations Assistant. The successful candidate will be expected to conduct negotiations on behalf of Guild members, to carry out research and to participate actively on the development of the policies and organisation of B.T.O.G.

Salary: **£6,000 p.a.**

Application forms available from: The National Secretary, B.T.O.G., Room 307, West Side Offices, King's Cross Station, London N1 9AX.

Closing date: FRIDAY, 4 FEBRUARY 1983.

ACTION ON SMOKING AND HEALTH

The campaign leading the fight against Britain's largest preventable cause of illness and death needs a

PA to the Director

A unique opportunity for an intelligent, hard-working person to join the small team at ASH. Excellent secretarial skills and proven versatility essential; a feeling for preventive medicine and experience of campaign or charity work desirable. **Salary £6,000-£6,500 p.a.**

Application form from:
ASH, 5-11 Mortimer Street, London W1N 7RH Telephone 01-637 9843

RECREATION, CULTURE AND HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Organisation Officer – Cultural Promotions

Post Ref. R4A **Grade T2**
Salary £5,352-£5,841

Applicants are invited for the above post based at the Cultural Activities Centre, Ellin Street, Sheffield.

Duties include: liaison with representatives of community organisations, groups, venues and artistes in connection with the preparation and presentation of the County's programme of cultural activities.

Responsibility for presentation of concerts and other performances including seat bookings, ticket distribution and 'house management' duties.
Closing date for applications will be 28 January 1983.

Application form and further details can be obtained from the Chief Executive (Personnel), South Yorkshire County Council, County Hall, Barnsley or Telephone Barnsley 86141 Ext. 266.

South Yorkshire County Council is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

South Yorkshire County Council
SETTING THE PACE

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK

ESTATES OFFICERS

£7,107 to £7,827 (AP3) or £8,007 to £8,679 (AP4)
Plus car allowance

Required to assume full management responsibility for approximately 750 tenancies.

The Borough is actively developing a wide range of progressive management policies and is looking for people who are seeking to make a career in housing through recognised qualification, as well as more mature people who feel that their practical experience would equip them to these posts.

Commencing salary dependent upon qualification (AP4 for the Professional Qualification of the Institute of Housing).

Southwark is an equal opportunity employer. Applications are welcome from candidates regardless of sex or ethnic origin and from registered disabled persons.

Telephone: 01-701 2870 (24-hour answering service) any time for an application form, or write, on a postcard to: The Personnel Officer, London Borough of Southwark, 25 Commercial Way, London SE15 6DG. Please quote reference NS/6/3511 and job title. Last date for receipt of completed Application Forms: 2 February 1983.

LEICESTER CITY COUNCIL

TEAM LEADER

Employment and Economic Development Unit
Salary: £10,284-£11,550

Leicester City Council is one of the country's leading local authorities in the field of Employment and Economic Development and has a very positive commitment towards the creation of business employment and training opportunities in the Leicester area.
This is a new position and the person appointed will be responsible to an Assistant Chief Executive for controlling and managing the work of the Unit – a small professional team of four staff working on a range of initiatives to impact on the City's unemployment problems.
Current projects include encouraging and assisting in the setting up of workers' co-operatives, community employment groups, MSC schemes, new technology, business advisory facilities, and working in the community to develop the ideas of the unemployed.
It's a demanding and very challenging position calling for commercial and entrepreneurial awareness together with good organisational and management skills.
A graduate-level qualification is preferred and candidates should preferably have experience of Local Government. An appreciation of community work would also be an advantage.
Assistance with relocation expenses (to a maximum of £ 1,825) and temporary housing available in approved cases.
As part of the City Council's Equal Opportunity Policy, applications are welcomed from people regardless of marital status, race, sex or disability.
Application form (returnable by 28 January, 1983) and further details from Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester LE1 6ZG or telephone 0533 549922 extension 7084.

LEICESTER
Right at the centre

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DIRECTOR of UKIAS

The United Kingdom Immigrants Advisory Service is the largest organisation serving appellants against immigration decisions of the Home Office with eleven offices throughout the country.

We require a Director from 1 June, 1983, who will be responsible for the overall organisation of the Service with particular reference to its public presentation.

A knowledge of Immigration and Law would be an asset but is not essential. The Service is funded by the Home Office and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees but is entirely independent of both. It is controlled by representatives of national organisations including the British Council of Churches, the Trades Union Congress and the larger ethnic minority groups.

The salary scale ranges from £10,125 to £15,018.

Closing date for applications is 31 January, 1983, and details are available from the Chairman of UKIAS, Brettenham House, Savoy Street, London WC2

BELGRAVE & HIGHFIELDS LAW CENTRE

Co-ordinator

(Temporary)

Salary: £649 per month

The Belgrave and Highfields Legal Defence Committee is intending to develop a progressive and campaigning law centre which will focus on the black community, criminal cases involving young people, immigration, housing, welfare and work in the inner-city areas of Leicester.
The Committee wish to appoint a Co-ordinator, male or female, for a period of six months to develop all aspects of the proposed law centre which will be based in Belgrave and Highfields. Experience of work with the Asian and Afro-Caribbean community is essential and knowledge of an Asian language would be an advantage.

Written applications giving details of background, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Chairman, Belgrave and Highfields Legal Defence Committee, c/o 128 Mere Road, Leicester by no later than 28 January 1983.

PEOPLE MATTER IN GREENWICH

Appointment of Women's Adviser
£12,456-£13,713

Appointment of Police Adviser
£12,456- £13,713

The London Borough of Greenwich has established a Community Affairs Committee to deal with matters of particular concern to the community such as race and sex equality, policing, health and education. Sub-Committees have also been set up to concentrate on these areas.

The Women's Sub-Committee will promote the welfare and interests of all women. The work of the Sub-Committee will be supported by a

WOMEN'S ADVISER

The person appointed will advise the Sub-Committee on policies for promoting equal opportunities for women, advise officers on the implementation of such policies, establish monitoring procedures to check their effectiveness and develop links with women in the community. The postholder will also need to be aware of the special needs of women from the ethnic minority communities and to be familiar with legislation in the area of women's equality.

The Police Sub-Committee will create a link between the community and the police and will pursue the objective that the police should be accountable to the people they serve. The Sub-Committee will be supported by a

POLICE ADVISER

The main duties of the post include advising the Sub-Committee on the development of policing policies and on the organisation and control of the police in Greenwich. The Adviser will also undertake investigative work on issues and problems relating to policing matters and will develop an advice service in respect of complaints.

These Advisers will be members of the Community Affairs Section based in the Chief Executive's Department.

The persons we are seeking will be innovative, imaginative and able to demonstrate a high degree of commitment.

For the Women's Adviser we will be looking for someone with a good knowledge and/or experience of women's rights and equal opportunities.

The Police Adviser will have had experience relevant to policing issues. Although not essential, expertise in the law would also be an advantage.

Application form from Personnel and Management Services Officer, London Borough of Greenwich, Peggy Middleton House, 50 Woolwich New Road, Woolwich, SE18 6HQ. (Tel: 01-854 8888 Ext 2119).

Closing Date: 28 January, 1983.

The Council is an equal opportunities employer and on no account whatsoever shall any factor relating to sex, sexual orientation, marital status, race, colour, religion, ethnic or national origins have any influence on a decision as to whether a person is suitable or unsuitable for employment by the Council.

GREENWICH

BRITISH ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION
Incorporating the Variety Artistes' Federation

EQUITY ASSISTANT SECRETARY

The Performers' Union is re-advertising this senior position. Candidates should either have had experience as officials in other Trade Unions or have worked in some capacity in the entertainment industry. The salary is currently under review but will not be less than £12,000 p.a.

Application forms from Peter Plouviez, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB

Two research and information officers and one administrator are required for a

TRADE UNION SUPPORT UNIT IN SOUTHWARK

This has been established by Southwark Trades Council with funding from the London Borough of Southwark. The Unit will:

- ★ Carry out research into aspects of the local economy
- ★ promote trade unionism in Southwark through relevant publications
- ★ promote and monitor employment and training opportunities locally

The research and information officers will share overall responsibility but it is expected that one of the officers would concentrate on research and the other on producing material for publication. Experience in the field of local economic research or other similar areas; in the writing and editing of material for publication; and in working with trade unionists would be useful although no single candidate would be expected to possess them all. As the Unit will be using a microcomputer experience in this area would also be an asset.

The salary for the research and information officers is **£9,792 to £10,365** including London Weighting of **£1,134.**

The administrator will be responsible for the finances and overall administration of the unit. Experience in this area is essential as is a willingness to work as part of a team. Typing skills would be an advantage.

The salary is **£8,007 to £8,679** including London Weighting of **£1,134.**

For all three officers a proven commitment to the trade union movement is essential.

Application forms and job descriptions available from **ROD ROBERTSON, SOUTHWARK TRADES COUNCIL, 22 DODDINGTON GROVE, LONDON SE17 3TT.**

Completed application forms must be returned by **4 February.**

The Unit is an Equal Opportunity Employer

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSTS

The Civil and Public Services Association

A trade union representing members in the Civil Service, Post Office and other public bodies, wishes to appoint two

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES

The posts are of a negotiating, rather than an administrative character, and the incumbents will be responsible for the progressing of policy decisions by both oral and written negotiations. The work also involves a large amount of communication with the membership.

Experience of trade union work is essential. The starting salary is **£10,891** per annum rising to **£15,804** per annum including London weighting.

Further details of the post together with an application form can be obtained from:

Mrs J. McIntosh, Personnel Officer, CPSA, Park House, 64/66 North Side, Wandsworth Common, London SW18. (Tel: 01-874 0494).

Closing date for receipt of application forms is 28 January 1983.

THE INSTITUTION OF PROFESSIONAL CIVIL SERVANTS

NEGOTIATIONS OFFICER VACANCIES

Applications are invited for two Negotiations Officer Posts. Knowledge of the Civil Service or related public service, and experience in trade union activities in these areas is highly desirable. Ability to communicate effectively is essential.

Salary scale £9,042 - £10,978. Annual leave 30 days a year. Non-contributory pension scheme which includes the counting of approved superannuable employment prior to joining the Institution's service. Retirement is compulsory at age 60. Applicants will be required to undergo a medical examination.

Applicants should include particulars of age, educational qualifications, present and previous employment and trade union experience.

Applications must be received by not later than Monday 24 January 1983 and should be addressed to:

Margaret Platt, Deputy General Secretary
The Institution of Professional Civil Servants
3/7 Northumberland Street
London WC2N 5BS

UNA International Service

THIRD WORLD VACANCIES

for skilled and experienced people in French, Portuguese and Arabic speaking countries:

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All posts are for two years min, with basic living allowances, return air fares, etc.

Details and application forms from UNAIS, 3 Whitehall Ct, London SW1 (01-930 0679).

Publications

EASTERN EUROPE catalogues available. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham TW2 5AH.

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LISTINGS

FRI 14 JAN

Documentary film on Martin Luther King and non-violent direct action for black civil rights. 'King: Mongomery to Memphis.' Hargreave Hall, Archway, London N19. Also 17 Jan. Wanstead: 18 Jan. Brixton: 19 Jan. Kingston: 21 Jan. Vauxhall: 22 Jan. Stockwell. Orgd by London Peace Action. **01-633 0133.**

SAT 15 JAN

SHEFFIELD. Workers against racism: Northern Day of Action, Sheffield. Demonstration 12 noon Hallamshire Hospital, Action Conference Memorial Hall, Sheffield. **01-274 3951.**

LONDON W1. The politics of regional policy. Meeting orgd by Conference of Socialist Economics. 10 Percy Street, London W1. Contact P. Preston, 127 Holland Road, London W14.

EALING. Public meeting with Duncan Campbell on CND issues. 2.30 p.m. Princess Room, Ealing Town Hall.

SUN 16 JAN

EDINBURGH. ILP history and current perspective: speaker, Barry Winter, editor of **Labour Leader**, paper of The Independent Labour Publications. 2.30 p.m. Edinburgh Trades Council. **031-557 2902.**

LONDON WC1. From Herzl to Mapam — streams of Socialist Zionism. Day conference, 10.30-4.30 p.m. 1/2 Endleigh Street, London WC1. Orgd by Mapam. **01-328 2554.**

WEMBLEY. Jewish, West Indian, Asian evening of music, dancing, food arts and crafts. 7-11.30 p.m. Copeland High School, Cecil Avenue, Wembley High Road. Tickets £1.50.

MON 17 JAN

FULHAM. Roy Hattersley. Bishops Court House, Lillie Road SW6. Inaugural meeting of Fulham Fabian Society.

TUES 18 JAN

LONDON. Arts and the economy: Prof. J. K. Galbraith. Cottesloe Theatre, South Bank, admission free.

LONDON HOLLOWAY ROAD. Monetarism vs democracy: Laurence Harris, Prof. of Economics, Open University. 2.30 p.m. Polytechnic of North London.

WED 19 JAN

LONDON SW15. Brighter future for Council Residents. Public meeting on Labour's housing policies with Gerald Kaufman MP, Peter Hain and Mike Williams, 7.30 p.m. Methodist Hall, Minstead Gardens.

BIRMINGHAM. Spotlight on Local TV: speaker Ian Connell from Lancaster Polytechnic and top editorial staff from Central News and Midlands Today. Crown Hotel, Corporation Street, 7.30 p.m.

LONDON NW3. Hampstead CND. Frank Barnaby of Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, Heath St, Friends Meeting House, 7.30 p.m.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON SW1. Jim Mortimer, Gen. Sec. Labour Party, on Labour's unilateralism. **Contact Labour Action for Peace for details.** Starts 7.30 p.m.

FORTHCOMING

21 JAN LONDON. Race, the Media and Education. Series of courses orgd by the Institute of Education. Lectures every Thurs., 6 p.m. **Details: 01-636 1500, Ext 724.**

21 JAN LONDON WC2. Law and Revolutionary Nationalism: the status and historical context of liberation movement. Speakers: Richard Falk of Princeton University. New Theatre, London School of Economics, Houghton Street. Falk was a member of the international indepedent commission into the Middle East set up in the wake of the Israeli Invasion.

26 JAN Nottingham. Warplan UK and Medical Consequences of the Bomb. Spkrs: Duncan Campbell and Nick Armstrong, 7.30. Friends Meeting House, Nottingham. Orgd by Nottingham CND.

26 JAN. Woman and social work group, working group of GLC Women's Committee. Open meeting for women, 7 p.m. County Hall, London. **01-671 0051.**

27 JAN Manchester. The Left in the 1980s. Spks: Stuart Hall, Beatrix Campbell. Orgd by Maxism Today and North West Communist Party, 7.30. Manchester Polytechnic Students Union, Manchester 13.

27 JAN Aberdeen. Aberdeen Jobs for Youth Campaign. Meeting on trade unions and unemployment with George Bolton (NUM), Hugh Wyper (TGWU), George Galloway (Labour Party) and Pete Carter (People's March), Music Hall 7.30.

28-30 JAN Bath. CND Campaign skill-sharing weekend, sessions on non-violent direct action, public speaking, and campaign against cruise. Orgd by West Region CND. Cost £9. **Contact Chappie, Bath 26948.**

29 JAN. The London Assembly. Second Forum for representatives from London organisations. Discussion includes public services, London's finances; employment. 10 a.m.-1.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1. Orgd by GLC.

29 JAN London. Improving Council Housing Estates. Working conference. Orgd by Safe Neighbourhoods Unit. **01-729 1366.**

29 JAN London SE1. Racism and Schools. One day open consultative conference. Spkrs include Farrukh Dhondy, Ray Chatwin, Norma Gibbs. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. County Hall, London SE1. Org by Communist Party. **01-251 4406.**

29 JAN Leeds. New tasks for Irish solidarity. One day conference, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Leeds Trades Club, Savile Mount, Leeds 6. Orgd by Irish Freedom Movement. **01-274 3951.**

29 JAN. Keeping the Peace. Women's Peace Workshop at Poly of North London to mark publication of book on women's peace movements. 10-6 p.m. **Women only.** £2.50 waged.

30 JAN Leeds. Remember Bloody Sunday. Demonstration on 11th anniversary killing of 14 Irish people by British army. Orgd by Bloody Sunday Commemoration Committee/Irish Freedom Movement. **01-274 3951.**

30 JAN Birmingham. West Midlands CND Annual General Meeting, 2 p.m. UCATT, Gough Street, Birmingham.

30 JAN London WC1. Tawney: Social Democrat or democratic socialist? Tom Evans. 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square.

3 FEB London WC1. Football as a working class sport. Stuart Weir, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square.

5-8 FEB. Socialist Society Annual Conference. Workshop meetings and plenary sessions on the Alternative to Thatcherism, a Policy for Ending Unemployment, Europe, NATO and the Threat of Nuclear War. Sir William Collins School, Charrington Street, London NW1. **01-734 8501.**

12 FEB. Equal Pay for Equal Work, Hampstead Room, YMCA, Great Russell Street, 2.30-6 p.m. Speakers: Baroness Seear of the Fawcett Society and Dipak Nandy, Deputy Chief Exec. of the EOC.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Aldwych S. CC 01-836 6404/01-379 6233. Group sales 01-379 6061, transfers from Hampstead 26 Jan. eves. 7.45. Mats Wed. 3, Sats 5 & 8.30. Maureen Lipman & Clive Swift
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APOLLO VICTORIA. 01-834 6177. Evenings 7.30. ½ price mat. Tue. 2.30. Sat. at 2.30. 'The magic of CAMELOT returns to the London Stage' D. Mail. RICHARD HARRIS in LERNER & LOEWE'S 'CAMELOT'. RICHARD HARRIS 'the performance is a triumph' F. Times. '. . . a five minute standing ovation' N. Standard. CREDIT CARDS: 01-836 8686. (Keith Prowse no fees.) GROUP SALES: 01-379 6061. OAPs & CHILDREN ½ price Mon.-Thu. & Sat. Mat. from 10 a.m. Mon.-Thu. Student Standby 100 tickets £3.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, *24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £3 from 10 a.m.*
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'PETER PAN' ends 22 Jan. 'POPPY' from 25 Jan., 'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL' from 1 Feb., 'THE WINTER'S TALE' from 7 Feb., 'HENRY IV' from 21 Feb. THE PIT – 'CLAY' by Peter Whelan.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Schweyk in the Second World War', 'Guys and Dolls', 'Hiawatha'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'Other Places'. See daily press for dates and times *or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines) 24 hour instant booking 01-200 0200. Group sales 01-379 6061 CC.
14 & 15 Jan. eves. 7.30 Sat. Mat. 2.30.
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***THEATRE GOERS** please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.*

Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wed., 19 Jan., 7.30 p.m., Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Edward Playfair, prospective Parliamentary candidate, on 'Winning the Election'. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 16 Jan. 8 p.m. 'One or Many Lives?'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

22 JAN.: SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVES IN BRITAIN. Half-day conference organised by Communist Party, with Tricia Davis, Geoff Edge, John Rees. 1.00 till 5.00, Star Club, 25 Essex Street, Birmingham 5. Bar, creche. Details 021-692 1765.

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16 Jan.: THE YOGA SUTRAS – Trevor Leggett

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GENTLEMAN (40, div.), interests music, countryside, would like to meet unattached lady. Box 5282.

HELP! I need somebody – to cosset and comfort; for laughing and loving. If you are male, unmarried, 43-53, *please* write to me. Box 5306.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LEFTISH, BUT liberal male (Jewish), early 30s, hopes similar female will make contact for genuine friendship. Essex/London. Box 5314.

LONDON'S FRIENDLIEST SINGLES CLUB, where people meet at parties, winebars, pubs and weekends away. Social gatherings of all kinds is your chance to start a new social life. Details: City Circle, 58 Compayne Gardens, NW6. Tel: 01-388 9273.

LOVELY, INTERESTING, literary lady graduate, 40 (permanently slow walking from serious accident), divorced, seeks kind, sensitive, unattached academic/teacher, to correspond, visit and befriend her on permanent basis. Trowbridge, Wilts. Box 5330.

MALE, SINGLE, academic, tall, 47, living abroad, seeks female companionship/lasting relationship, preferably tall, 35-40, to share enjoyment of travelling in Italy, music and meaningful activities. Box 5280.

MATURE WIDOWER with attractive NW London retirement home, limited to six occupants. Applicants invited from cultured individuals who can contribute financially and by way of service to provide a congenial household. A non profit association contemplated. Please write Box 5281.

MEDIA MAN/writer seeks attractive woman 30s, with sense of humour, sensitivity and creativity, for relationship. Tired of the walking wounded, I believe some sane, happy lady still exists. North England or Scotland, maybe slight advantage. Box 5329.

MERSEYSIDE – RETIRED teacher (61), widower. Seeks socialist woman for friendship, possibly marriage. Box 5327.

OLYMPIC PHYSICS: UK Final 11 March; last entries 28 February. Details from: Jarvis, Salewheel, Ribchester PR3 3XU.

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PLEASANTLY ATTRACTIVE professional woman educationalist, mid 40s, keen to meet sincere man, with sense of humour and sensitivity (London). Box 5328.

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SINGLE GENTLEMAN, mid-60s, active, self-reliant, humorous, travelled, genuine, references, seeks jocular, non-worrying lady companion, to share expenses, living cheaply in good accommodation, for winter in the sun. Box 5277.

TYNE/WEAR. Lady, mid-forties, divorced, graduate, would like to begin 1983 by making friends with single, interesting man in area who shares distaste for joining clubs but who would also like a new friend to share quiet conversation, friendly argument, the usual mixture of arts and entertaining rubbish, even gentle cynicism at anything from politics to the naive optimism of this advertisement. Box 5332.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATOR, *young, 40, sincere,* seeks female friend, purpose marriage. Box 5312.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, male, living Bristol, youthful 49, many interests including Buddhism, human ecology, seeks warm-hearted woman companion, especially Latin, Greek, South American. Box 5319.

UNPRETENTIOUS, UNATTACHED, active, attractive, sociable, socialist, prof. woman, 48, living westward of London, seeks similar male for long-term sharing relationship. Inc. tel. number. Box 5326.

WANTED, MAN OF CHARACTER, 46 to 56. Must be unattached, graduate/professional and enjoy classical music. I am 43, attractive, divorced, solvent, mother. Love my career and home, am adaptable with many interests and lots to give towards the right relationship. Small photos exchanged. Box 5291.

WEST YORKSHIRE male, 30, ecologically minded, seeks female to write, exchange ideas. Box 5283.

WIDOW, TALL, slim, youthful (46), secure professional status, no ties, seeks similarly placed male for whom caring, sharing relationship is important. London/Essex preferred. Box 5298.

***WRITE FOR** Money – with Wordsmith, the new* writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

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